SIMON SAYS: DIE HARD III

by

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FIRST DRAFT
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* missing pgs. 8 & 123

A BLACK SCREEN throughout title sequence.
An assembly room of people are LAUGHING.
1ST TITLES UP.

The laughter dies.
A voice into a microphone:

DIGNITARY (v.o.)
Suffice it to say that that rookie cop from New Jersey finally did learn how to read a suspect his rights.
(more laughter)
It is my great pleasure to present the City of New York's Distinguished Service Medal for nineteen ninety-three to Lieutenant John McClane.

Cheering, flashbulbs popping, etc....

2ND TITLES UP.
A lawyer is conferring with his client:

LAWYER (v.o.)
I understand your frustration but I can't work miracles. There's no way you can patch things up?

A cough. The client clears his throat. A Zippo lighter flicks. An exhale of smoke. Another cough.

MCCLANE (v.o.)
No.

LAWYER (v.o.)
A court always favors the mother unless it's proven she's unfit. Is she unfit?

MCCLANE (v.o.)
No. She's not unfit.

LAWYER (v.o.)
Then there's no chance you'll get custody. I'm sorry, John.

3RD TITLES UP.
Rowdy voices in a crowded bar. A juke box plays Frank Sinatra's "Summer Wind."

BARTENDER (v.o.)
Last call! Drink up!

We hear the bartender's footsteps coming closer....

BARTENDER (v.o.)
Another Johnny?

MCCLANE (v.o.)
(fatigued)
Yeah.

BARTENDER (v.o.)
Why doncha go home.

MCCLANE (v.o.)
Home? What's that?

The bartender sighs and says, resignedly:

BARTENDER (v.o.)
Okay, Johnny.

4TH TITLES UP.
The bar noise rises to a crescendo and dies and we --

FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN - AERIAL ESTABLISHING - EARLY MORNING

The sun is rising over the World Trade Towers.
It's a July morning; the city is already steaming.

INT. N.Y.P.D. - MIDTOWN PRECINCT - EARLY MORNING

The detective's bullpen is deserted.
Shafts of sunlight pass through venetian blinds onto --

A CUP OF COFFEE on a desk, CAMERA picking up objects (photos, a detective's shield) belonging to Detective John McClane, N.Y.P.D.

Suddenly DOORS BANG OPEN. Cops and detectives enter for a new day, laughing, talking Yankees and Mets.

INT. DETECTIVES' BULLPEN - MORNING - LATER

The room is packed with UNIFORMED COPS and DETECTIVES. Incessant CHATTER and TAPPING WORD PROCESSORS.

IN THE CORNER - A GROUP OF N.Y.P.D. DETECTIVES are going over case files, drinking coffee. RICKY WALSH sits with his feet propped on his desk, looking at a CLIPBOARD.

WALSH
I got an eyewitness on a two-eleven in Bed Stuy. Hispanic male, mid-20's with a red windbreaker.

DETECTIVE 2
I'll take it, Ricky.

WALSH
(makes notation on clipboard)
Sold to the man in the seersucker suit.

INT. A WINDOWED OFFICE DOWN THE HALL - CONTINUOUS

N.Y.P.D. Chief of Detectives ARTHUR COBB is talking to DETECTIVE JOE LAMBERT.

COBB
Overreacting? Really? Larry down at O'Neil's says he closes the place every night.

LAMBERT
He doesn't have a drinking problem.

COBB
I'm not saying he does. But he won't take a physical. He told the shrink downtown to - I'm putting this in her words - have intercourse with herself. What's eating him? Man's inhumanity to Man? The plight of Tibet? The Mets' outfield?

LAMBERT
Arthur, John's not had the best year...

COBB
I don't want a testimonial. His caseload's down. There's talk of a leave of absence. I've got to see some change. You and Ricky have known him since kindergarten - you talk to him.

They stare at each other.

INT. MIDTOWN PRECINCT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A long functional john with a thousand toilets and sinks. TWO UNIFORMED ROOKIE COPS are taking a piss, whispering. In the b.g., we hear a ROARING FAUCET.

ROOKIE COP 1
You ever seen him?

ROOKIE COP 2
Yeah. Couple times at the range.

ROOKIE COP 1
What's he look like? One of the guys downtown told me he sleeps here half the time.

MCCLANE (o.s.)
Only a quarter of the time, fellahs.

The cops, startled, look over at --

JOHN MCCLANE, at the sink, spitting out toothpaste. McClane is 40 now. His hair is flecked with grey. *He stands upright and turns off the faucet. Wipes his* mouth on his sleeve.

McClane walks past the rookie cops with his toothbrush and toothpaste.

MCCLANE
Good views, bad room service.

McClane walks out the door past the stunned cops and --

CUT TO:

EXT. MID-TOWN MANHATTAN - BLOOMINGDALES - DAY

It's 9:00 a.m. and already humid as a locker room. On 3rd Avenue, SHOPPERS crowd through the doors of BLOOMINGDALES eager to take advantage of a cosmetics and lingerie sale.

INT. BLOOMINGDALES - FIRST FLOOR COSMETICS - DAY

LADIES walk the aisles, exchanging cool smiles with swishy PERFUME SALESMEN who display their scents.

AT THE COUNTER - A LADY SHOPPER applies eye shadow. She *bends forward, looking in a small mirror on the counter.*

LADY SHOPPER
Hmm. This one's nice.

The SALESGIRL, on the other side of the counter, agrees.

SALESGIRL
Yes, I like that one.

The LADY SHOPPER bends closer to the mirror. Her shoe hits something. She looks down.

A SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE sits at her feet.

LADY SHOPPER
Oh dear, someone left their briefcase.

SALESGIRL
(smiles)
Happens all the time. I'll take it.

The Lady Shopper picks up the briefcase and hands it

across the counter to the Salesgirl. The Salesgirl examines the briefcase. It is TICKING.

SALESGIRL
Do you hear that?

LADY SHOPPER
Yes. Yes I do.

They each look at the briefcase.
They look at each other.

A huge blast. An eruption of flame.
The place blows to pieces.
Flying glass and metal. The jewelry counters become airborne. It is over suddenly.

CEILING SPRINKLERS douse the carnage.
Corpses lie amidst the wreckage.

CUT TO:

INT. N.Y.P.D. - MIDTOWN PRECINCT - DAY

Walsh and the detectives continue their morning routine.

WALSH
I got a theft of ten industrial dumptrucks on Staten Island.

MCCLANE (o.s.)
Insurance fraud.

Everyone turns to McClane; he's at his desk, knotting his necktie, lighting another cigarette.

MCCLANE
By now the trucks are in California and the contractor's collecting theft insurance which he'll split with the thieves. They've run that scam in Jersey for years. I'll take it, Ricky.

WALSH
(makes notation)
Sold to the man who bathes with "High Karate."

MCCLANE
Old Spice.

WALSH
I did detect a fresher bouquet.

JOE LAMBERT walks up humming the theme from "Jeopardy."

He has DOLLAR BILLS in one hand and A CUP OF COFFEE in the other. He shoves the coffee in McClane's hand.

LAMBERT
Category: New York Trivia. Detective Walsh, this mediocre center fielder replaced the legendary Joe Dimaggio.

WALSH
Who is...Carl Bennet.

LAMBERT
ONK. Lou Boudreaux.
(pockets the $5 bill)
Detective McClane, for ten dollars, this is the biggest engineering job in the U.S. since the Hoover Dam.

MCCLANE
No idea, Alex.

LAMBERT
What is the New York City Aquaduct from the Catskill Mountains to the Isle of Manhattan.

WALSH
They ever going to finish that thing?

Suddenly the bullpen's EMERGENCY BELL CLANGS. Everyone whips their neck around.

WALSH
Ahh fuck...

During this, Lambert turns to McClane.

LAMBERT
Let's talk later, okay?

MCCLANE
About what?

LAMBERT
Life. Yours in particular.

McClane and Lambert lock eyes.
A UNIFORMED COP enters the bullpen, shouting:

UNIFORMED COP
Somebody just blew up Bloomingdales!

Everyone stares at each other.

WALSH
Bloomingdales? What the fuck's anybody got against Bloomingdales?

MCCLANE
Ever see a woman miss a shoe sale?

McClane and the Detectives scramble around, throwing on their suit jackets, checking their weapons, etc.

DOWN THE HALL - ARTHUR COBB

leans out his office, shouting instructions to McClane, Lambert, Walsh, and the others who are rushing through the bullpen.

CHIEF COBB
McClane, compile a witness sheet.
Ricky, seal off a five block radius;
Joe, keep the T.V. crews the hell
out of there!

The detectives roar out through double doors.

Cobb's secretary, JANE, calls from inside the office.

SECRETARY JANE (o.s)
Arthur! Phone!

COBB
Not now.

JANE appears next to him. Her face is ash white.

SECRETARY JANE
Arthur, you'd better take this.
(Cobb looks at her)
He says he set the bomb at
Bloomingdales.

They stare at each other.
Cobb turns, looks into his office at --

COBB'S DESK - HIS TELEPHONE - It is flashing.

Cobb goes into his office and picks up the phone. He punches a line button. It connects a call.

COBB
Hello?

We hear a voice. A European accent. It is, from the first syllable, chilling and unforgettable.

It is Simon.

'COBB
Just a second.
(covers the receiver; yells to his secretary)
Janie! Get McClane!

COBB'S SECRETARY
(appearing in the doorway)
He just went to Blooming....

COBB
Get him. Run!

Jane runs off.
Cobb takes his hand off the receiver:

COBB
What do you want Detective McClane to do?

SIMON
Simon Says Detective McClane is to stand on the corner of 138th street and Amsterdam, which is in Harlem, if I'm not mistaken....

CUT TO:

A STREET SIGN: "AMSTERDAM AVE", crossed at a right angle with "138TH ST."

MOVING UP AND PANNING around --

EXT. THE CORNER OF AMSTERDAM AND 138TH ST. - DAY

On each corner of this intersection is a business: A bodega, a bar, a laundromat, and an APPLIANCE SHOP.

ON 138TH ST. - DOWN FROM THE BAR - A NEIGHBORHOOD GANG

all 20's and late teens, are hanging out on the bar's delivery bulkhead in their bathrobes, laughing, smoking cigarettes and drinking beers. They are watching --

The two BIGGEST GANGMEMBERS (GANGMEMBERS 1 & 2) playing black-jack on an overturned milk carton. It's high-stakes. The carton is covered with cards and money.

ACROSS THE INTERSECTION - TWO BLACK KIDS

come down Amsterdam. They are DEXTER 12, and RAYMOND, 10. Dexter is lugging a big STEREO RECEIVER. The kids walk toward the appliance shop on the corner.

INT. APPLIANCE FIX-IT SHOP - DAY

The place is jammed with refrigerators, washing machines, stereos, T.V.s, etc.

DING! a bell on the door sounds as the kids enter.

DEXTER
Uncle!

ZEUS CARVER, 29, black, comes through the maze of junk. He has confidence, a strong sense of himself. He looks people in the eye. He doesn't like weakness or indifference. He's a man with things on his mind. He is often angry, due to attitudes and conditions which have prevailed in this country for the last 300 years.

Zeus walks up to the boys. He's known them since they were born; they're his nephews.

ZEUS
It's 9:15. Why aren't you at school?

DEXTER
Tony wants to sell you this.

ZEUS
And it was such a good deal you had to cut school. Un-huh. And it was so heavy you both had to carry it. Un-huh. Give it here.

Dexter hands Zeus the stereo receiver. He examines it.

ZEUS
Where's the serial number plate? Where'd Tony get this?

RAYMOND
Says he found it.

DEXTER
It ain't hot.

Zeus opens the cash register and pulls out two twenties and a ten. He hands the bills to the kids.

ZEUS
There's fifty dollars. If he tries to chisel you for more, tell him no deal and I'll return the stereo tomorrow - and <u>don't</u> spend the money.

Dexter reaches for the bills. Zeus retracts them. Now a series of questions. Sort of a routine...

ZEUS
Then what're you going to do?

RAYMOND
Go to school.

ZEUS
Why?

DEXTER
To get educated.

ZEUS
Why?

RAYMOND
So we can go to college.

ZEUS
Why's that important?

RAYMOND
To get respect.

ZEUS
Who's the bad guys?

DEXTER
Guys who sell drugs.

ZEUS
Who else?

DEXTER
Guys who have guns.

ZEUS
Who's the good guys?

RAYMOND
We're the good guys.

ZEUS
Who's gonna help you?

DEXTER
Nobody.

ZEUS
So who's gonna help you?

RAYMOND
We're gonna help ourselves.

ZEUS
And who do we not want to help us?

DEXTER
White people.

ZEUS
That's right.

Satisfied, Zeus offers the bills again. Dexter snags them. They smile at Zeus and tear out the door.

Zeus carries the stereo to the work bench, muttering:

ZEUS
Ain't hot. Thing's so hot you could fry an egg on it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNER OF AMSTERDAM AND 137TH ST. - DAY

A block away, a POLICE VAN rolls up. Stops at the curb.

INT. POLICE VAN - BACK COMPARTMENT

In the back compartment, John McClane sits with Chief of Detectives Cobb. McClane wears nothing but a terry-cloth bathrobe, socks and shoes.

The VAN DRIVER leans into the back compartment.

DRIVER
This is it, Captain.

Cobb turns to McClane.

COBB
Where's the gun?

McClane swivels around and lowers his robe. Taped to his bare back is a SMALL CALIBER PISTOL.

McClane swivels back around.
Cobb looks at him. Frowns.

COBB
You look like shit.

MCCLANE
What do you want me to do, Arthur, comb my fuckin' hair?
(beat)
If you want to talk to me, talk to me. Don't send Ricky. What's this all about?

COBB
I'm going to recommend retirement.

MCCLANE
I won't fight it.

They stare at each other.

COBB
We'll talk about it later. Listen:
We're pulling back to 125th.
(off McClane's reaction)
Simon said no cops within a ten block radius or we get another bomb. There are fifty rooftops up here that would give him a view. You want to take the chance he's not watching?

MCCLANE
(shakes his head; a pause)
What the hell is this all about?

COBB
I have no idea, John.

McClane takes a deep breath and opens the van door.

EXT. AMSTERDAM AND 137TH STREET

McClane gets out of the van in his bathrobe.

Cobb hands McClane a LARGE WHITE SANDWICH BOARD from the van. (The kind worn by street advertisers: two pieces of plywood connected with twine.)

McClane slips off his bathrobe and tosses it to Cobb. He's now in boxer shorts, socks, and dress shoes.

COBB
(to the driver)
Go.
(turns back to McClane)
Fifteen minutes.

McClane nods.
The police van pulls away from the curb, does a U-turn, and heads south on Amsterdam.

McClane watches the van go.
He turns and looks at the run-down surroundings.
He puts on the sandwich board.
We are behind him. We can't see the front of the board.

McClane heads north on the sidewalk, heading toward 138th street, one block away.

FOLLOWING MCCLANE - as he walks.

UP AHEAD - A BLACK WOMAN, 50's, comes out of a decrepid brownstone and walks down the front stoop. She turns south on the sidewalk, heading for McClane.

McClane and the Black Woman pass each other. McClane walks past her and keeps walking.

THE BLACK WOMAN stops, wide-eyed, double-taking. She looks over her shoulder at McClane.

WOMAN
What in heaven's name...?

McClane continues to the corner of 138th and Amsterdam. There, he stops.

CLOSE ON McClane - Sweat beads on his brow. His eyes dart in all directions.

MCCLANE'S POV - PANNING AROUND THE INTERSECTION

No traffic. Quiet sidewalks. McClane's eyes PAN from the bodega, to the liquor store, to the laundromat, to ZEUS CARVER'S APPLIANCE SHOP. His eyes lock on -

THE GANGMEMBERS playing cards down 138th street. They are wrapped up in the game. They do not see him.

BACK TO SCENE - MCCLANE

wipes the sweat from his forehead. Under his breath:

MCCLANE
Shit.

Across the street, outside Zeus's appliance shop, DEXTER and RAYMOND are staring at him. Dexter whispers to Raymond. They go back into the appliance shop.

CUT TO:

INT. APPLIANCE FIX-IT SHOP - DAY

An electric stove is jacked up on cinder blocks. Zeus is under it. We only see his legs.

The front door bell DINGS.

DEXTER (o.s.)
Uncle!

ZEUS
What are you doing back here? I'm busy.

RAYMOND (o.s.)
You better look at this!

Zeus, muttering under his breath, slides out from under the stove, a red-hot SOLDER GUN in hand.

He looks up at Dexter and Raymond.

ZEUS
What?

DEXTER
There's a white man out there.

ZEUS
You take me from my work to see a white man? I've seen plenty.

RAYMOND
Not like this.

They point to the window.
Zeus walks to the window and separates the grimy venetian blinds with his fingers.

He looks out. He blinks. He looks again, squinting. He comes away from the window. Says to Dexter:

ZEUS
Get on the phone. Dial nine-one-one. Tell 'em you want a police car up here real fast or somebody's gonna die.

Dexter and Raymond stare at Zeus.

ZEUS
Go!

Dexter and Raymond run toward the back of the shop. Zeus goes to the door. Exits the shop.

EXT. HARLEM SIDEWALK - DAY

Zeus comes out of his shop, the solder iron still in hand. He looks around the intersection. Across the street, the GANG MEMBERS are hanging out, playing cards, oblivious to anything unusual.

Zeus looks south-easterly, at the other corner.

It is a bizarre, surreal sight.

In blazing sunshine, on the worst street in Harlem, a white man is standing in boxer shorts, socks, and shoes, wearing a large white sandwich board. It is McClane.

The front of the board, in huge red letters, reads:

I HATE NIGGERS

Zeus blinks. He frowns. He thinks.
He walks diagonally across the intersection.

MCCLANE sees Zeus coming.

Zeus approaches him. He stops in the street ten feet from McClane, eyeing him quizzically.

ZEUS
Good morning.

They stare at each other.
Zeus' eyes dart from McClane to the GANG MEMBERS on the corner.

ZEUS
Havin' a good day, sir? You feelin' okay?
(comes closer)
Not to get too personal, but a white man standing in the middle of Harlem wearing a sign saying "I hate Niggers" has either got some personal issues or he's a few boats shy of a fleet.
(comes closer, voice lowering)
I'm talkin' to you, man: you've got ten seconds, maybe less, before those guys see you. If they see you, they'll kill you. Do you understand me?

MCCLANE
I'm a cop.

ZEUS
What?

MCCLANE
I can't explain now.

Out of the corner of his eye, Zeus sees --

THE CARDGAME - ONE OF THE PLAYERS (GANG MEMBER 1), having lost a big hand, flings his cards over his opponent's head. The cards twirl like little frisbees *TOWARD THE INTERSECTION CORNER.*

The opponent (GANG MEMBER 2) chases the cards. He grabs a couple. He is nearly in the intersection. Suddenly he freezes --

He stands up, looking straight at McClane.

The other GANG MEMBERS, following the flight of the cards, also see him.

GANG MEMBER 2
What the fuck....?

ZEUS
Ahh shittt.....

THE GANG MEMBERS are now standing on the opposite corner of the street, staring at McClane and Zeus.

MCCLANE turns to Zeus, his speech clipped, urgent:

MCCLANE
Listen: an hour ago somebody bombed Bloomingdales.

ZEUS
Yeah, I heard it on the news.

MCCLANE
Whoever did that said I had to do this or he'd blow up something else.

ZEUS
(incredulous)
What?

Whether Zeus believes McClane or not, it's too late now.

THE GANG MEMBERS start across the street.

MCCLANE
I have a gun.

ZEUS
Where? Never mind. You pull a gun, they'll kill you. Listen: you're obviously not crazy, but I want you to act it. Like Looney Toons, okay?

McClane nods, acknowledging this.

The GANG MEMBERS are upon them.
They circle around McClane, staring at the sandwich board. They are amused. Sort of. They smile.

After an ice-cold pause:

GANG MEMBER 1
Hey Zeus. This a friend o' yours?
(to McClane)
Huh? You a friend o' his?

McClane looks Gang Member 1 straight in the eye, his demeanor suddenly changing. McClane's eyes have become those of a lunatic.

MCCLANE
My only friend is God.

The Gang Members look at each other. Some LAUGH.

Gang Member 1 comes up close to McClane. Looks at McClane's sandwich board.

GANG MEMBER 1
God, huh? Does your god hate *niggers too?*
(pulls a switchblade from his pocket)
He better, deuce. You're gonna need him.
(over shoulder, to other Gang Members)
Let's fuck this guy up.

ZEUS
The guy's crazy. Look at him. Standing out here in his underwear. *He doesn't know what he's doing. He* probably doesn't know where he <u>is</u>. Some mental ward escapee....

Gang Member 2 steps forward. Stares at McClane. Then he turns to Zeus.

GANG MEMBER 2
So he's crazy. So are we.

The other Gang Members LAUGH.

GANG MEMEBER 1
(to Zeus)
Back off.

Zeus stays put. Doesn't budge.
The Gang Members crowd in around McClane.
Gang Member 1, brandishing the knife under McClane's nose, motions to the sandwich board.

GANG MEMBER 1
Get that off him.

TWO GANGMEMBERS lift the back face of the sandwich

board, roughly, over McClane's shoulders, and fling it to the ground. The boards CLATTER on the ground.

McClane staggers forward, his torso now exposed. Taped to the small of his back is the .22 clip handgun.

Zeus sees the gun before anyone else.
He lunges behind McClane and RIPS the gun from McClane's back, tape and all.

Zeus brings the gun down, training it on the Gang Members, wildly, back and forth, from member to member.

Startled, they recoil.

Except for Gang Member 1, who sticks the switchblade under McClane's chin.

ZEUS
Put it down.

A tense pause.
Zeus cocks the gun. His hand is rock steady.

ZEUS
I'll kill you. I won't want to, but I'll do it.

Gang Member 1 tosses the knife down. He backs off.

McClane joins Zeus. At this moment --

A HARLEM LIVERY CAB comes up to the intersection and stops at the light. It's right next to them.

Zeus points a gun at THE LIVERY CAB DRIVER, who looks back with wide, terrified eyes.

ZEUS
Stay where you are.

Zeus motions to McClane.
McClane moves to the cab, Zeus following, stepping backward, the gun trained on the Gang Members.

They get in the cab. It roars off down Amsterdam, leaving --

The Gang Members running after the car, SHOUTING OBSCENITIES, throwing beer bottles, etc.

INT. LIVERY CAB - DRIVING - DAY

McClane and Zeus sit in the back seat.
Up front, the LIVERY DRIVER, is quaking in his seat. He thrusts money into the back seat.

LIVERY DRIVER
Don't kill me! That's all I got!

Zeus rolls his eyes. Hands the money back to him.

ZEUS
Ahh man, I ain't robbin' you. Just get us outta here. Head downtown. Run the lights.

LIVERY DRIVER
You got it boss!

The car lurches forward.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - FRONT SEAT - DAY

We are the P.O.V. of someone sitting in a parked car at 139TH AND AMSTERDAM, one block north.

We have just seen the foregoing incident. We lower BINOCULARS from our eyes, hand them to someone in the passenger seat, and engage the gears. We pull away from the curb.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVERY CAB - DRIVING - DAY

The car is rocketing down Amsterdam.
Zeus turns to McClane. Hands him the gun.

ZEUS
I just had my day fucked up.

MCCLANE
Join the club.

ZEUS
So one more time: The guy who bombed Bloomingdales wanted you to wear a sign in Harlem saying "I hate niggers."

MCCLANE
Yep.
(pronouncing it latino: "hey-zoos")
Jesus, right?
(extends his hand)
I owe you one. You'll be compensated for any loss of livelihood.

ZEUS
Well get your checkbook out 'cause that was my appliance shop on the corner. You have any idea what those guys are doing to it right now?

MCCLANE
Chill, out, Jesus. I'll have a car sent up.

ZEUS
Chill out? Speak like a white person.
(beat)
And where do you get off callin' me Jesus? Do I look Puerta Rican?

MCLANE
(confused)
The guy back there. He called you Jesus.

ZEUS
He didn't say "hey-zoos." He said, "Hey. Zeus." My name is Zeus.

MCLANE
Zeus.

ZEUS
Yes. Father of Apollo? Nice pad on Mount Olympus? Don't-fuck-with-me-or-I'll-shove-a-lightning-bolt-up-your-ass? Zeus, man, the Roman god. You got a problem with it?

McClane looks Zeus over. Smiles.

MCCLANE
You're a helluva date, Zeus. Let's do this <u>every</u> Tuesday, deal?

McClane notices --

THE LIVERY CAB DRIVER is making strange eyes at McClane and Zeus in the rear-view mirror. (remember, McClane is almost entirely nude).

LIVERY DRIVER
Hey - where we goin'?

MCCLANE
Fifty-fifth and second.

ZEUS
Where the fuck is that?

MCCLANE
Police precinct.

EXT. STREET - PASSING SHOT - THE LIVERY CAB

ROARS through the intersection at BROADWAY AND 80TH.

Zeus (V.O.)
Pull this goddamn cab over right now!

CUT TO:

EXT. N.Y.P.D. - MIDTOWN PRECINCT (55TH & 2ND AVE) - DAY

Cops and detectives come and go on the stone staircase of the largest police precinct in the world.

The livery cab pulls up.
McClane gets out. He pulls his wallet out of his sock (he's still in his underwear) and pays the Driver.

MCCLANE
Come on.

Zeus stays seated in the cab.

ZEUS
I'm not going in there. There's folks in there I generally try to avoid.

MCCLANE
You can give a statement now or you can give a statement later.
(Zeus doesn't move)
I'd make up your mind. I'm not going to stand out here like this all day.

Zeus frowns. He gets out of the cab.
He follows McClane up the stairs into the precinct.
TWO UNIFORMED cops exit and come down the stairs.
They pass McClane and Zeus, stopping, doubletaking.

ZEUS
This loss of livelihood compensation: how much money we talking about?

They go inside the building.

CUT TO:

INT. CHIEF OF DETECTIVE COBB'S OFFICE - DAY

Cobb is behind his desk, on the phone. The phone is

hooked up to a TELEPHONE CALL TRACING MACHINE. Lambert sits in front of the desk, flipping through a large stack of FILES.

McClane's putting his clothes back on. Cobb hangs up the phone. Turns to McClane.

COBB
You getting anywhere?

COBB
C'mon, John. Think.

MCCLANE
It's not somebody I busted, Arthur.

COBB
How can you be sure of that?

MCCLANE
"Simon." It's not an ordinary name. I'd remember it. We're up the wrong tree anyway. He's not going to use his real name.

MAN IN CORNER
I disagree, Lieutenant.

McClane turns. In the corner is a MAN, 40's, smoking a pipe.

MCCLANE
Who are you?

COBB
Fred Schilling, John. Fred does a lot of our psychiatric criminal evaluations at Bellevue hospital. I asked him to be here. What's your opinion, Doctor?

A pause. Schilling puffs his pipe.

DR. SCHILLING
Any understanding of this character starts, necessarily, with an understanding of megalomania - it's a sickness - a pathological condition in which fantasies of control, or omnipotence, predominate.

MCCLANE
Speak English.

DR. SCHILLING
He wants control over you - every move you make, your thoughts, your emotions. Megalomaniacs don't operate anonymously - they need to know that you know who they are.
(beat; he puffs on his pipe)
I can virtually guarantee this man's name is Simon - or possibly some variation of that.

LAMBERT
Doesn't have to be his first name.
(looks at file)
I've got a Robert E. Simon right here. You busted him in, let's see...Nineteen...

MCCLANE
Eighty-six. Extortion and kidnapping. He's up in Ossining.

LAMBERT
No he's not. He got ten to fifteen and served seven for good behavior. He was released to the state work-furlough program two months ago.

COBB
Check it out, Joe.

MCCLANE
You're wasting your time. Bob Simon was a bankrupt businessman who kidnapped his former partner's daughter. He's a fuck-up, not a psychopath. The guy we're dealing with is nuts.

WEISS (o.s.)
A nut who knows a lot about bombs.

CHARLES WEISS, head of N.Y.P.D.'s Incendiary Control and Forensics Team, or I.C.F.T. (i.e., the "Bomb Squad") enters the office, carrying a SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE. Weiss is a frenetic, serious little guy who likes his job a little too much.

WEISS
We found this under a bench in Central Park and I must say, as a professional, this is very cool stuff.

Weiss sets the briefcase on the desk. Attached to the briefcase is a SMALL BOX with a protruding ANTENNAE.

WEISS
Ten pounds of plastique, just like he said. The detonation system's not a fuse, not a timer. It's that.
(points at the box)
Radio transmittor. Super high, super delicate frequency. Now watch.

He pops open the briefcase. A HUGE PACKAGE OF PLASTIQUE EXPLOSIVE and a BLASTING CAP is within. Wires run from the transmittor to the blasting cap.

Lambert, seeing the explosive, recoils.

LAMBERT
Christ, Charlie!

WEISS
Take it easy. It's disarmed. The beauty of this system is that it can be detonated from anywhere up to ten, twenty miles away.
(he looks up at the others)
Your boy's no amateur, Arthur. This is the most sophisticated system in the world. Army stuff. SEAL team stuff. Most terrorists don't have this stuff...

COBB
Charlie...? We get the message. Thanks.

Weiss picks up the briefcase, goes to the door.

WIESS
This is gonna be an interesting one, fellahs.

Weiss exits.

COBB
Joe, start with the military. Special Forces and Navy Seals. Any discharge less than honorable, any psycho case.

LAMBERT
You got it.
(points out window into the bullpen)
What about him?

Cobb and McClane look through the window at --

IN THE BULLPEN - Zeus CARVER sits with DETECTIVE WALSH at WALSH'S desk. Walsh is typing. Zeus is giving Walsh his statement.

COBB
Take his statement and let him go.

Suddenly Cobb's phone BUZZES.
COBB'S Secretary pops her head in the office.

SECRETARY
Arthur. It's him.

Everyone exchanges a glance.

COBB
Here we go again, fellahs.

Cobb goes to the phone and turns on the TRACING MACHINE. McClane, Lambert, and Schilling gather around the desk. Cobb hits a button, connecting the SPEAKER PHONE.

COBB
Simon?

After a lengthy pause:

SIMON
I'm hurt. Really. I'm not very happy. He wore the board and stood on the corner. Congratulations. Marvelous. Where are my pigeons?
(cheery)
I had two pigeons bright and gay,
They flew from me the other day.
What was the reason they did go?
You cannot tell; for you do not know.

COBB
You mean McClane?

SIMON
No, I mean Santa Clause.

Cobb, McClane, and Lambert exchange looks.

COBB
He's here.

SIMON
What about the....dark one.

COBB
He's in the other....

SIMON
Get him.

Cobb motions to Lambert.
Lambert goes to the door and leans out, motioning frantically to WALSH AND Zeus.

Meanwhile, Simon continues:

SIMON
About the trace you're putting on this call: it will take ten minutes, and five more for a car to get here, which happens to be a public payphone, so why don't we put that idea to beddy-bye?

Walsh and Zeus enter the office.

SIMON
All present?

Zeus looks at the phone. Looks at everyone else.

ZEUS
Who's that?

SIMON
Hello. I took great trouble to prepare that game for Mr. McClane and look what you did to my well-laid plans.

ZEUS
(to the room)
This the Bloomingdales guy?
(Cobb nods)
As far as I'm concerned, you can stick your well-laid plans up your well-laid....

CLICK.
Cobb turns to Zeus, furious.

COBB
Christ, there are people's lives at stake.
(beat)
You'd better hope he calls back.

A dreadful silence falls on the room.
Everyone stares at the phone.

The phone RINGS. Cobb springs for it. Punches the button. The call connects.

COBB
Simon? Please. Simon? He spoke out of turn.

SIMON
(after a pause)
That was unpleasant. Don't let it happen again?
(low, sinister)
What's your name, boy?

ZEUS
Zeus Carver. Don't call me boy.

SIMON
I'll call you tarbaby if I like. I was going to spare you; now I've changed my mind.
(pause)
Simon Says: McClane and Zeus take a cab to the subway station at 72nd and Broadway. I will call you both in fifteen minutes at the payphone in the island. Any police escort or failure to answer my call will cause non-compliance. By now you've found my briefcase - you understand the severity of the penalty.

CLICK.

COBB
You can make it if you go right now. Somebody get out front and hail 'em a cab.

Walsh hustles out of the office.

ZEUS
Whoah whoah whoah.

Everyone looks at Zeus.

ZEUS
I ain't going anywhere.

MCCLANE
He said you have to.

ZEUS
I don't care what he said. I'm not jumping through no hoops for some psycho. This is a white man with white problems, fellahs.
(walks to the door)
I was a fool to get messed up in this in the first place. Have fun.

Zeus is almost out the door. McClane's voice stops him:

MCCLANE
He's going to kill a lot more people.

Zeus turns. Levels cold eyes at McClane:

ZEUS
I hope they're white.

And he continues out the door. Cobb turns to McClane:

COBB
Get him back here, John.

MCCLANE
Where was the bomb in the Park? High or low?

WALSH
High. The jungle gym at 107th.

McClane hurries out the door --

INT. BULLPEN CORRIDOR

- and runs after Zeus, who is walking quickly toward the exit. He heads him off. Zeus stops.

ZEUS
What?

MCCLANE
You know the playground at 107th Street?

ZEUS
Of course I know it, it's in Harlem. I played there when I was a kid.

MCCLANE
That's where we found the last bomb.
(beat)
This isn't a "white" problem, Zeus.

Zeus frowns. He wearily turns and follows McClane back to Cobb's office and we --

CUT TO:

INT. THE BULLPEN CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

McClane and Zeus are exiting Cobb's office and Cobb is barking orders:

COBB
John, don't play around - do exactly what he says. Ricky and Joe - get a civilian vehicle from the undercover guys. Follow 'em to 72nd, but keep your distance - and keep me informed!

McClane and Zeus disappear through the exit doors. Lambert and Walsh go the other way to the motor pool.

Cobb goes back in his office. Mumbles:

COBB
Simon Says. Shit.
(hits the intercom on his phone)
Janie, get me the Mayor's office.

CUT TO:

EXT. N.Y.P.D. MIDTOWN PRECINCT - DAY

A YELLOW TAXI CAB sits at the curb. A UNIFORMED PATROLMAN holds the door open for --

McClane and Zeus who race down the stone steps. They hop in the taxi; the door is slammed shut; the taxi speeds off into traffic.

CUT TO:

EXT. 72ND ST. AND BROADWAY - DAY

The taxi pulls up to the curb on Broadway.
McClane and Zeus scramble out and run across the street.

EXT. 72ND ST. SUBWAY STATION ISLAND - DAY

The station entrance is on an island in the the middle of the intersection, directly above the train track. Next to the station is a NEWS KIOSK.

Next to the kiosk is a PAYPHONE.
McClane and Zeus run up to the phone.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - A BEAT-UP CHEVY IMPALA

sits at the curb. Detectives Walsh and Lambert in it. Walsh speaks into a c.b. RADIO

WALSH
They're at the payphone now, over.

EXT. 72ND ST. SUBWAY STATION - BY THE PAYPHONE - DAY

A WOMAN, 30's, well-dressed, is talking as McClane and

Zeus approach.

UPPER WEST SIDE WOMAN
Clair, You should see the sale at Zabars....

MCCLANE
Maam?
(she ignores him)
Maam, we need to use....

Zeus reaches into the cubicle.

ZEUS
Get the fuck off the phone, lady.
(he disconnects the call)
This is police business.

UPPER WEST SIDE WOMAN
Hey!

Horrified, she grabs her bags and moves off.

MCCLANE
There's another phone across the street, maam.

McClane turns to Zeus.

MCCLANE
Let's get something straight: I'm on police business. You're not.

ZEUS
Let's get something straight: you need me more than I need you. If you don't like the way I do things, fine.
(walks away from the phone)
I quit.

And the phone RINGS!

Zeus stops, turns, eyeing the ringing phone. McClane and Zeus lock eyes, glaring at each other.

MCCLANE
He said you have to be here.
(Zeus doesn't move)
All right. I need you.
(Zeus doesn't move; McClane sighs)
All right, I need you more than you need me.

Zeus reluctantly goes back to the phone.
McClane answers the phone.
Zeus crowds in next to McClane, sharing the receiver.

MCCLANE
Hello.

SIMON
Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine.
Rats and mice all had their chance,
And so will I have mine.
(beat)
Why was the phone busy? Were you calling someone?

MCCLANE
No.

SIMON
I think there's been non-compliance.
I think people are going to die.

MCCLANE
No. It was just some lady. I swear it. Just some lady.

SIMON
I believe you, John. Oh, my! It's time for a pop mental aptitude quiz.

Simon laughs.
McClane and Zeus exchange a glance: "What the fuck..?"

SIMON
(now low and very fast)
Solve the following riddle or you get a penalty. Ready?

MCCLANE
Wait! What's the penalty?

SIMON
Oh. The trash receptacle next to you?

McClane and Zeus look at the WIRE TRASH CAN next to them which has been IN FRAME the whole time.

SIMON
There's ten pounds of plastique in it. Listen carefully:
(then, very fast)
As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives

SIMON (cont'd)
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kittens.
Kittens, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?
(beat)
My phone number is 555 and the answer. Call me in thirty seconds or die.

CLICK.
McClane stares at Zeus.

MCCLANE
What was it, seven wives at St. Ives?

ZEUS
Shut up. I'm good at this stuff.

MCCLANE
There were seven wives with seven sacks, right?

ZEUS
SHUT THE FUCK UP, McClane.

McClane shuts up.
Zeus's mind is going overdrive.

ZEUS
Seven wives with seven sacks is forty-nine sacks. What was the rest?

MCCLANE
Something about cats and kittens.

ZEUS
Right. Each sack has seven cats. That's forty-nine sacks with seven cats each which is three hundred forty-two cats. Each cat has seven kittens so it's three hundred forty-two cats with seven kittens each which is...two thousand four hundred and one kittens. Easy. Dial 555-2401.

MCCLANE
Are you sure?

ZEUS
DIAL!

MCCLANE
He said "kittens, cats, sacks and wives."

ZEUS
Shit, you're right. So it's let's see...seven wives, forty-nine sacks, three hundred and forty-two cats and two thousand....
(does the addition)
Two thousand, eight hundred!

MCCLANE
(punching the numbers, looking at his watch)
We're not going to make it....

The call connects.

SIMON
You're late. I'm very sorry.

McClane grabs Zeus and dives away from the phone booth, screaming to SURROUNDING PEDESTRIANS:

MCCLANE
THERE'S A BOMB IN THE TRASHCAN!

McClane and Zeus land in a heap on the pavement, covering up. Seconds pass. Nothing happens.

McClane sloowwly looks up.
A BUNCH OF NEW YORKERS are staring at them.
The PHONE RECEIVER is swinging by its cord, and emanating from it WE HEAR SIMON LAUGHING.

McClane and Zeus get up and go back to the phonebooth. McClane lifts the receiver.

MCCLANE
Yeah.

SIMON
I didn't say "Simon Says."

McClane and Zeus collapse against the walls of the payphone compartment, breathing hard.

ZEUS
This guy's getting on my nerves.

SIMON
Look through the grate next to the phone, John.

McClane looks down at a big VENTILATION GRATE next to

the payphone. Twenty feet down, through the GRATE, he can see PEOPLE on the platform, waiting for the train.

SIMON
It is exactly 4:50. Has the number 5 train arrived?

Suddenly the metal ventilation grate VIBRATES. We hear the DULL RUMBLE of a train pulling in.

MCCLANE
It's pulling in now.

SIMON
This morning I left something provocative on it. Explosive even.
(suddenly low, dark, and very fast)
Simon Says get to the payphone at the south end of the Wall Street station next to the news kiosk by 5:20 or the number 5 train, and all its passengers, will cease to exist. If you use any means of travel other than a civilian vehicle, I will blow the train. If you make any attempt to close or evacuate the subway system, I will blow the train. I will call you in thirty minutes. You'd better be there. Toodle-ooh.

MCCLANE
Simon, wait. Wait....

CLICK.

EXT. 72ND AND BROADWAY - SUBWAY STATION - DAY

McClane hangs up. He looks around, panicking.

ZEUS
What's he want?

MCCLANE
We've got to be at Wall Street in half an hour.

ZEUS
Or what?

MCCLANE
He'll detonate a bomb on that train.

McClane and Zeus look down. BELOW them, PASSENGERS are stepping onto THE FIVE TRAIN. The doors SLAM shut.

The train pulls away from the subway platform.

Zeus
Where are we, low 70's? Here to Wall Street in thirty minutes?

MCCLANE
It's possible.

ZEUS
At four a.m. Look around: it's morning rush hour. It'll take at least forty minutes. We don't even have a car.

MCCLANE
Think positively.

ZEUS
I'm thinking positively and WE STILL DON'T HAVE A CAR.

MCCLANE
That's a temporary....
(looks around)
...set-back.

McClane dashes off the island into the street, FLAGGING A CAB. The cab pulls over.

McClane flashes his N.Y.P.D. SHIELD at the DRIVER.

MCCLANE
I'm requistitioning this vehicle for police business, sir.

The driver, an ARAB, looks aghast at McClane.

ARAB CABBIE
No Englie, no Englie....

McClane yanks open the door.
The Arab driver reluctantly gets out.
McClane gets in, Zeus in the passenger side.

INT. TAXI - DAY

They settle in. McClane grips the wheel.

ZEUS
Pretty slick. Show a badge, get a car. What do you think, Ninth Avenue?

MCCLANE
(thinking)
No.

ZEUS
I used to drive a cab. I know the best routes. Ninth Avenue...

McClane throws it in drive. The car BOLTS forward.

McClane throws the steering wheel. THE TAXI FISHTAILS into a U-TURN, heading into TRAFFIC. ONCOMING CARS veer to the side, SCREECHING.

MCCLANE throws the steering wheel again.

The taxi hops the curb, SLIDING, TIRES WAILING, and ROARS down 72nd Street, now heading EAST.

ACROSS THE STREET - IN THE IMPALA

Walsh and Lambert pull away from the curb, giving chase.

EXT. COLUMBUS AND 72ND - A RED TRAFFIC LIGHT - DAY

THE TAXI blasts through the red-light at the intersection, narrowly missing --

1) a baby carriage;
2) three guys in business suits; and,
3) two nuns (who are <u>still</u> praying)

INT. TAXI - DAY

Zeus clutches the dashboard, eyes wide.

ZEUS
Where the hell are you going!? I'm telling you: Ninth Avenue is the quickest way south.

MCCLANE
No it isn't.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - DAY

Walsh drives. Lambert's on the radio.

LAMBERT
They're heading east on 72nd toward Central Park.

EXT. 72ND AND CENTRAL PARK WEST - DAY

Again, another red light. Gridlock. Two TRUCKS in the intersection. Six, maybe seven feet between them.

The taxi is approaching the intersection at 80 m.p.h. --

INT. TAXI - DAY

Zeus throws up his hands, waiting for the inevitable

impact. Which doesn't come.

EXT. INTERSECTION - 72ND AND CENTRAL PARK WEST - DAY

The taxi shoots between the bumpers of the trucks, SCRAPING METAL, SHOOTING SPARKS --

And flies into CENTRAL PARK on the CENTRAL PARK THRUWAY!

THE IMPALA, trailing, doesn't make it. It fishtails, attempting to stop, and runs up on the curb.

INT. THE IMPALA - DAY

Walsh bangs on the steering wheel.

WALSH
Shit!

LAMBERT
(into the radio)
They went into the park. We lost 'em.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK THRUWAY - DAY

The taxi falls into traffic behind other cars and cabs.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Zeus is staring malevolently at McClane.

ZEUS
We're heading east.

MCCLANE
I know.

ZEUS
WALL STREET IS SOUTH.

MCCLANE
(holds up a finger)
Don't yell at me.
(again, calmly:)
The best way south isn't Ninth Avenue, it's through the park. I mean that in the...
(jerks the wheel to the right)
...literal sense...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK THRUWAY - DAY

THE TAXI hops the curb into the JOGGERS' LANE.

PEDESTRIANS, BYCYCLISTS, ROLLERBLADERS scramble and dive

out of the way as the taxi SMASHES through the wood railed fence and heads pell mell into --

THE SHEEP MEADOW. Now heading south! Through the park!

INT. TAXI - DAY

McClane is driving like hell across the sheep meadow! Zeus is catatonic.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - IN THE MEADOW - PEOPLE

who, seconds ago, were relaxing, are now SCRAMBLING out of the way.

-- A GUY WITH A FRISBEE nearly catches a fender.
-- A PASSIONATE COUPLE, NECKING ON A BLANKET, does a logroll out of the way.
-- A WHITE-FACED, JUGGLING MIME tosses his juggling pins and runs.

ZEUS
Are you aiming for these people?!

MCCLANE
No.
(looks in the rear view mirror)
Well, except for that mime.

The taxi flies on. Headed toward the softball fields.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - 64TH ST. SOFTBALL FIELDS - DAY

Two teams of out-of-shape BANKERS and LAWYERS are reliving their highschool glory days.

The taxi RIPS into the infield, slinging dirt, missing the Baserunner by inches. It roars through the diamond, heading for the CENTRAL PARK SOUTH THRUWAY.

INT. TAXI - DAY

McClane grips the wheel with white knuckles. Zeus is having a coronary.

ZEUS
YOU'RE CRAZY, YOU KNOW THAT?

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH THRUWAY - DAY

The taxi SMASHES through the wooden railing, now ENTERING the thruway, fishtailing through the jogging lane, and SLIDING headlong into traffic.

INT. TAXI - DAY

MCCLANE
Okay, there's Central Park South. How much time left?

Zeus looks at his wristwatch.

ZEUS
Twenty-seven minutes.

MCCLANE
72nd and Broadway to Central Park South in three minutes during rush hour? Got to be a record.

McClane looks at Zeus. He glares at back. McClane floors it.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK SOUTH - DAY

THE TAXI flies out of Central Park onto 6th Avenue (Avenue of the Americas) and runs straight into - AN IMPENETRABLE WALL OF TRAFFIC.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Everything has come to a dull, painful crawl. McClane scans the Avenue.

MCCLANE
I was afraid of this. Midtown at rush hour's murder.

ZEUS
We need a firetruck.

MCCLANE
I don't see any fires.

ZEUS
To follow...

MCCLANE
Gotcha. Done deal.

McClane clicks on the c.b. Adjusts the band.

SWITCHBOARD (v.o.)
N.Y.P.D. May I help you?

MCCLANE
This is Lieutenant John McClane, N.Y.P.D. access I.D. number 7479, calling from a civilian transmittor. Give me an emergency dispatcher.

A pause, as we hear a PHONE RINGING, then:

EMERGENCY DISPATCHER (v.o.)
911 what's your emergency?

MCCLANE
(frantically)
Two officers down at the corner of 14th Street and 9th Avenue! We need an ambulance, this is an emergency!

McClane slams down the radio and jerks the wheel, banging a right on 57th street.
He turns to Zeus.

MCCLANE
Emergency calls on the west side of Manhattan go to Roosevelt Hospital.
(looks at Zeus)
Which happens to be two blocks away.

ZEUS
(getting it)
What do you know....?

MCCLANE
You're good at math, well I'm good at this shit.

McClane guns it. The car flies down 57th Street.

CUT TO:

EXT. 57TH & 9TH - ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL, ESTABLISHING - DAY

Uneventful. A NURSE wheels a PATIENT up the entrance ramp.

Suddenly the hospital's E.M.S. (Emergency Medical Services) GARAGE DOOR (located on 9th Avenue) rolls open and an E.M.S. AMBULANCE VAN roars out onto 9TH AVENUE, heading south, its SIREN BLARING WHOOOP WHOOP WHOOP.

ACROSS THE STREET - ON 57TH ST. - THE TAXI

comes flying around the corner, fishtailing onto 9th Avenue, falling in behind the ambulance!

INT. TAXI - ZEUS AND MCCLANE

MCCLANE
That's the ticket - pick up some blockers, then go for the endzone.

McClane punches the accelerator, following the AMBULANCE.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - 9TH AVE. DOWN THE WEST SIDE - DAY

All the way down 9th avenue, cars pull to the curb. The sidestreet traffic halts. As --

The AMBULANCE, siren WAILING, roars through intersection after intersection, running interference for MCCLANE AND ZEUS IN THE TAXI!

INT. TAXI - BEHIND THE AMBULANCE - DAY

McClane drops the hammer. 40 miles an hour. 50. 60. Block after block flies by.

Zeus looks at McClane, impressed.

ZEUS
Why fourteenth Street? If you'd said Wall Street, we'd have them the whole way.

MCCLANE
Emergency calls below fourteenth Street are taken by a different hospital -- St. Lukes.

ZEUS
Well aren't you one slick muthafucka.

McClane guns the car and --

CUT TO:

EXT. 14TH ST. AND 9TH AVENUE - DAY

The AMBULANCE skids to a stop in the intersection. Paramedics scramble out, looking frantically around for the "officers down."

INT. TAXI - DAY

McClane veers to avoid the ambulance in front of him. He clears it and accelerates through the intersection.

MCCLANE
How much time?

Zeus looks at his watch.

ZEUS
It's 5:02. We're half-way there with eighteen minutes to go. What do you think?

MCCLANE
I dunno. We're hitting traffic again.
(thinks a moment)
Fuck this.

McClane bangs a left on 12th Street.

ZEUS
Where are you going?

MCCLANE
You'll see.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIDAN SQ. (12TH & 7TH AVE.), ESTABLISHING - DAY

The West Village.
A sign on the subway entrance: SHERIDAN SQUARE.
The taxi pulls over in front of the Subway stairs.

INT. TAXI - MCCLANE AND Zeus - DAY

MCCLANE
Time?

ZEUS
Sixteen minutes.

MCCLANE
Sheridan Square with sixteen minutes left means we made it here in fourteen minutes, right?

ZEUS
Right.

MCCLANE
So we're probably ahead of the train, right?

ZEUS
Probably.
(beat)
You're not thinking what I think you're thinking.

MCCLANE
That's <u>exactly</u> what I'm thinking.

McClane gets out of the taxi. Leans in the window:

MCCLANE
I'm getting on that train.

ZEUS
You're outta your mind.

MCCLANE
It makes sense. You get to the phone by 5:20. I'll find the bomb and get rid of it in the tunnel. If you fail, I've got you covered. If I fail, you're covering for me - we're cutting the odds in half.

ZEUS
Yeah, and what if I don't get to the phone by 5:20, and you don't find the bomb and get rid of it.

MCCLANE
Then I'm fucked.
(unholsters his gun)
You know how to use this?

McClane hands Zeus the gun; Zeus looks at it.

ZEUS
I thought I wasn't on police business.

MCCLANE
I'm deputizing you.

ZEUS
My lucky fuckin' day.

Zeus reluctantly takes the gun.

MCCLANE
See you on Wall Street.

And McClane runs down the stairs into the subway!

ZEUS
McClane! Goddamn it....

Zeus watches McClane race off. He tosses the gun on the seat, then throws it in drive and speeds off.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIDAN SQUARE - SUBWAY STATION - DAY

McClane dashes down the stairs to the platform. He jumps the turnstile and sees --

The NUMBER 5 TRAIN'S DOORS are closing.

MCCLANE
SHIT.

McClane turns, vaults the turnstiles, and runs back up to the street level.

EXT. NINTH AVENUE - MCCLANE

sprints down the sidewalk on 9th Avenue, arriving at VENTILATION GRATE ABOVE THE SUBWAY TRACK. He kneels and lifts up the grate, tossing it aside.

He lowers himself into the ventilation hole, hanging there by his fingers.

THE SUBWAY train passes beneath him, still moving slowly, accelerating into the tunnel and --

MCCLANE releases his grip, falling onto --

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

-- the ROOF OF THE DRIVER'S CAR.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DRIVER'S CAR

The SUBWAY DRIVER looks up, astonished at --

MCCLANE, outside, clinging to the door of the driver's car, BANGING on the window.

The driver opens the door; McClane slides inside. He flips out his detective's shield.

MCCLANE
Just keep driving and stay on schedule.

McClane opens the back door of the driver's compartment and enters the first subway car.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREENWICH AVE. - TRIBECA - DAY

The taxi, Zeus at the wheel, flies through traffic.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Zeus looks up through the windshield at --

Zeus' POV - WALL STREET'S WORLD TRADE TOWERS loom over the sky-line, just ahead.

BACK TO SCENE - Zeus

lowers his eyes to the street. OH MY GOD --

A TRACTOR TRAILER is in the intersection ahead of him.

Zeus slams on the brakes.
The taxi screeches to a stop at the light.
Zeus nervously taps his fingers on the wheel, waiting for the truck to make the corner.

Suddenly the back seat door of the taxi opens.
Zeus whirls around, staring at --

A GUY IN A BUSINESS SUIT sitting in the backseat.

Zeus has picked up a passenger! And he's a snotty guy:

BUSINESS GUY
112 Wall Street, please.

ZEUS
You've got to get out, sir.

BUSINESS GUY
No. Your light's on.
(beat)
Let me make this simple: take me to Wall Street or I'll have you're medallion suspended.
(beat)
What, you don't like white people?

Zeus glares at the guy. Sighs.

ZEUS
Fine. 112 Wall Street it is.

THE LIGHT turns GREEN. Zeus FLOORS it.
The taxi sprints through the intersection.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - PASSENGER CARS - DAY

The train is rocketing through the tunnel.
McClane comes through the doors connecting two cars.

It's not very crowded. Some STOCKBROKERS. A few LADIES.

He moves down the aisle, stooping low, looking underneath the rows of molded fiberglass subway seats.
He pauses. Looks up at --

A LADY. She adjusts her legs. She thinks he's trying to look up her dress.

McClane hurriedly moves the length of the car.
Goes through doors into the next car.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALL STREET - WORLD TRADE CENTERS - DAY

The streets are filled with five o'clock commuters. We *HEAR* an *ENGINE GUNNING.*

The taxi ROARS up at 50 miles an hour and careens to the curb. Zeus gets out and runs down the steps to *THE* WALL ST. SUBWAY STATION.

INT. TAXI CAB

The Business Guy in the backseat stares straight ahead, eyes like saucers. (One can only imagine what the rest of the trip was like.)

INT. WALL STREET SUBWAY STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY

One of the larger stations in Manhattan, distinguished by a HUGE DIGITAL CLOCK and even bigger DIGITAL STOCKS AND BONDS QUOTRON, both of which hang from the ceiling of the train platform, giving Wall Street commuters up-to-*the-minute* market prices.

At the south end of the long platform is the WALL STREET NEWS KIOSK. Next to that is a public TELEPHONE.

AT THE TURNSTILES - ZEUS runs up to the turnstiles and jumps over one.

A TRANSIT COP, eating a donut, sees him.

TRANSIT COP
Hey!!

Zeus doesn't look back. He keeps right on going. The transit cop hops over a turnstile and gives chase.

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

Zeus runs through the crowd, smashing into people like a pin-ball. Overhead, the HUGE DIGITAL CLOCK reads: 5:18.

Zeus reaches the PAY PHONES by the news kiosk, huffing and puffing. A BUSINESSMAN stands in front of the phone, fishing for quarters in his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. *SUBWAY TRAIN - PASSENGER CARS - DAY*

McClane is frantic now, moving down the aisle of a car, looking under the seats. He looks at his watch.

INSERT - MCCLANE'S WATCH: 5:19

BACK TO SCENE - MCCLANE wipes sweat from his eyes. Continues into the next-to- last car, bending, stooping,

looking under the seats.

There. There it is. Something under the seat.

McClane rushes to it. COMMUTERS stare at him as he gets on his hands and knees and looks under the seat.

A BUNDLE OF PLASTIQUE EXPLOSIVE, a black box transmittor attached to it, antennae protruding, is fixed to the underside of the seat with boxing tape.

Very slooowwly, with sweat streaming down his face, McClane begins to rip the tape off. He finally unleashes the explosive, stands up, and begins walking, tenderly, toward the back of the train.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - PAYPHONE - DAY

Zeus is by the phone, nervously watching the clock. The Businessman is fishing for quarters in his pocket.

THE DIGITAL CLOCK flips to 5:20.
And the BUSINESSMAN finds his goddamn quarters! He begins sliding them in the money slot of the phone.

ZEUS
Uhh, sir, I need that phone.

BUSINESSMAN
Drop dead.

Zeus pulls his gun and points it at the Businessman.

ZEUS
GET AWAY FROM THE PHONE.

The Businessman looks at Zeus and, alarmed, begins to back away from the phone.

We HEAR the CLICK OF A REVOLVER behind Zeus. And then:

VOICE (v.o.)
DROP THE GUN AND GET YOUR HANDS UP!

Zeus freezes. Drops the gun.

THE TRANSIT cop stands ten paces away, revolver cocked. COMMUTERS on the platform run for cover. WOMEN SCREAM.

Zeus looks at the Transit Cop. Looks at the phone.

And the PHONE RINGS.
Zeus slowly raises his hands.
The Transit Cop grabs him by the collar, spinning him,

pushing him face-first against the wall.

The phone RINGS again.

ZEUS
Look, I have to answer that.

TRANSIT COP
Shut up.

The PHONE RINGS for the third time. And just then -- emanating from the Subway Tunnel - WE HEAR THE RUMBLE OF THE TRAIN coming into the station.

Zeus stares at the phone, panicking.
And it RINGS for the FOURTH TIME.

The Cop spreads Zeus's legs and begins to pat him down.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - LAST CAR - DAY

McClane is moving through the last car with the bomb, SCREAMING at PASSENGERS.

MCCLANE
This is a bomb. MOVE. GET OUT OF HERE.

THE PASSENGERS, panicking and HOLLERING, scramble through the door into the front cars.

McClane gets to the back door of the last car.
He looks out the window.
The TRAIN TRACKS fall away from the moving train.

He sets the plastique on a seat and jerks the door handle. It's JAMMED. McClane strains. Looks at his watch. It's 5:20.

He strains with all his might. It won't open!

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - DAY

The cop is patting down Zeus's legs, frisking him.
The phone rings again. The fifth ring. The sixth.

Zeus's RIGHT HAND (plastered against the wall) inches toward the phone receiver. He grabs it off the cradle, whips around, and SMASHES it against the Cop's temple.

The cop goes down, writhing in pain, his revolver falling on the platform. Zeus grabs the gun and trains it on the cop, holding him at bay.

The phone is dangling from its metal cord. Zeus grabs it and SHOUTS into it:

ZEUS
YEAH. I'M HERE.

After a pause:

SIMON
Yes. You are.
(beat)
Where is McClane?

ZEUS
He couldn't make it.

SIMON
The rules were you both had to be there. You have to learn to follow instructions. I'm afraid this is non-compliance. Good-bye.

ZEUS
Simon, wait....

CLICK.

ZEUS looks at the phone in terror and turns to --

THE FIRST CAR OF THE TRAIN emerging from the tunnel.

ZEUS cowers in anticipation of the explosion.

ZEUS
Get down!

The Businessman and the Transit Cop look at Zeus, confused, as if he's a lunatic.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - TRACK

The SUBWAY CAR is entering the station.
We FOCUS on THE WHEELS OF THE CAR inching toward --

An ELECTRONIC DETONATOR attached to the subway track. It's a wire stretched across the rail, connecting two circuit breakers; the passing of the first subway car will cut the wire, and thus trigger the detonator...

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - LAST CAR

McClane gives up on the door handle.
He thrusts his elbow through the glass window of the subway door. He grips the bundle of plastique and --

FLINGS it through the smashed aperture in the window.
THE PLASTIQUE falls on the tracks and --

MCCLANE dives forward, sliding across the car's floor to the other end of the car. He covers up, but --

NOTHING HAPPENS.

MCLANE, confused, uncovers and looks around as --

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

-- THE WHEELS OF THE FIRST CAR roll over the wire of the detonator, breaking the circuit. THE DETONATOR flashes, sending a signal to --

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - DOWN THE TRACK

-- the bundle of PLASTIQUE EXPLOSIVE which McClane flung from the train. The plastique DETONATES.

A HOLOCAUSTIC EXPLOSION erupts in the tunnel, knocking the train's back car off the tracks and tipping it over.

The EXPLOSION blasts a hole in the CEILING OF THE SUBWAY TUNNEL, creating A CRATER in the middle of Wall Street.

ON THE SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - THE FIREBALL erupts from the tunnel opening with fury and impact, knocking -

ZEUS, the BUSINESSMAN, the TRANSIT COP and other COMMUTERS to the platform floor.

Then it is over.
COMMUTERS are running for the exits, SCREAMING.
The CEILING SPRINKLERS have come on.

The TRANSIT COP is on his knees, searching for his gun. Zeus, groggy, gets to his feet, the sprinklers showering her. He peers through heavy smoke at --

THE TUNNEL OPENING - A MAN

is emerging from the tunnel opening past the derailed train. He comes through the smoke and train wreckage.

It's McClane. His forehead is cut and bloody.

He climbs up onto the station platform and walks up to Zeus and the transit cop. He flips open his N.Y.P.D. SHIELD for the cop.

MCCLANE
I'm a cop. He's with me.

McClane and Zeus look at each other.

ZEUS
Had you covered all the way.

MCCLANE
Tell me about it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WALL ST. STATION - STREET LEVEL - LATE AFTERNOON

There is a HUGE CRATER in the middle of Wall Street. FIREMEN are spraying chemical fire retardant into the cratered hole.

The intersection is a tangle of firetrucks, ambulances and police cruisers. The area around the crater and subway station is closed off with POLICE BARRICADES.

T.V. NEWS TEAMS conduct interviews, jockey for position. The sidewalks are filled with rubbernecking STOCKBROKERS and LAWYERS.

BEHIND BARRICADES - ON THE BACK BUMPER OF AN AMBULANCE - MCCLANE and Zeus sit. An E.M.S. PARAMEDIC applies a butterfly bandage to McClane's cut forehead. Zeus is drinking coffee, staring into the smoke, watching PARAMEDICS carry off the injured.

Lambert and Walsh come up to them.

LAMBERT
Two broken bones, a couple concussions, an old guy's pacemaker stopped and a pregnant girl's water broke
(smiles)
And nobody died.

WALSH
(shakes head)
Shit, I don't know how you did it, but you did it.
(Walsh kneels in front of McClane)
John, but you've got to help us on this. Think. Some guy who's got it in for you. Some kid you beat up in highschool, who knows.

MCCLANE
(the strain showing on his face)
Ricky, I've <u>been</u> thinking about it.

COBB (o.s.)
John.

McClane turns and looks.
COBB is outside the barricades, motioning to him.

COBB
(to Zeus)
You too.

McClane and Zeus get up and move past the barricades, following Cobb.

EXT. WALL STREET ALLEYWAY - DAY

A dark VAN is parked in an alleyway down the street from the blast site. TWO MEN in dark suits and sunglasses stand by the van. Their dress and demeanor indicate they are federal agents.

McClane and Zeus follow Cobb to the van.
One of the dark-suited men opens the door for them.
Cobb cliimbs in; McClane and Zeus follow.

INT. VAN - DAY

McClane and Zeus get in and sit next to Cobb.
In the back of the van is a BANK OF COMPUTERS and PHONE MODUMS manned by a young F.B.I. AGENT.

IN THE SEAT OPPOSITE are TWO MEN, 40's, staring at them. ANDREW CROSS and WILLIAM JARVIS are deadly serious, career G-men. A BRIEFCASE sits on Jarvis' lap.

CROSS
Detective McClane?
(extends hand)
Andrew Cross, Federal Bureau of Investigation.
(nods to Zeus)
Mr. Carver.

McClane and Zeus shake Cross' hand.
McClane turns to Jarvis.

MCCLANE
You also with the Bureau?

JARVIS
(shakes his head, extends hand)
William Jarvis, Central Intelligence Administration. Call me Bill.

MCCLANE
The C.I.A. and the F.B.I. Why's the A-Team here, Bill.

COBB
The situation's worse than we thought, John.

MCCLANE
That's saying a lot, considering the fuckin' guy just blew up a subway.

CROSS
Detective McClane, four years ago the communist bloc's top field operative, an East German, was caught attempting to assassinat the leaders of the new democratic regime in Romania. He was sentenced to life imprisonment in a Bucharest jail. Six weeks ago he escaped. We have positive confirmation he's pierced United States soil.

MCCLANE
What's this got to do with me? I've never been to Germany, east or west, and It'd take me a mintute to find Romania on a map.

Cobb exchanges a look with Jarvis and Cross.

JARVIS
Detective McClane, is the name *Gruber familiar to you?*

A pause. McClane's eyes narrow.

MCCLAIN
Yes.

Jarvis flicks open his briefcase and removes a C.I.A. INTELLIGENCE DOSSIER. He closes the briefcase and sets the dossier on his lap. It is stamped with a government seal: "PRIORITY TOP SECRET."

Jarvis turns the dossier around and opens the cover.

CLOSE ON MCCLANE as he looks at the dossier. His jaw muscles tighten; his eyes darken.

JARVIS
Hans Gruber. Correct?

Now we see --

INSERT - INSIDE THE DOSSIER is A PHOTOGRAPH of HANS GRUBER (played by Alan Rickman in "Die Hard.") standing in front of East Berlin's Brandenberg Gate, smiling, his arm around someone we cannot see because the other half of the photograph is obscured by a piece of paper.

BACK TO SCENE

CROSS
Five years ago, Hans Gruber tried to steal 600 million dollars in bearer bonds from the Nakatomi Exchange in Los Angeles. You thwarted the theft and killed him.

JARVIS
Did you know that Gruber was a member of East Germany's counter-intelligence community? Did you *know, detective McClane,* that he had a brother? A younger brother named...

He removes the sheet of paper from the photograph --

INSERT - THE DOSSIER PHOTOGRAPH - Hans Gruber's arm is around a YOUNGER MAN, also smiling, a younger and more sinister version of Hans.

JARVIS (v.o.)
...Simon?

BACK TO SCENE

MCCLANE stares at SIMON GRUBER, the brother of the man he killed. His mind is racing. He swallows hard.

MCCLANE
Tell me about this guy.

Jarvis flips through the dossier.
He reads Simon Gruber's intelligence report as McClane flips through more PHOTOGRAPHS.

JARVIS
Simon Gruber. Born February 13, 1952 in Dresden. Conscripted in the East German army, 1970.

PHOTOGRAPH - SIMON GRUBER in a military uniform.

JARVIS
Court-martialed 1972 for assaulting a superior officer. He was offered the firing squad or service in their secret police. Suffice it to say he took the latter.

PHOTOGRAPHS - SIMON GRUBER exiting an automobile in the *Place de la Concorde in Paris.*

MCCLANE
What was his job?

JARVIS
Assassin, and a very good one. In 1976 he neutralized our best agent. Gruber has an I.Q. of 187. He's fluent in seventeen languages and impossible to contain. He comes and goes as he wishes.

PHOTOGRAPHS - SIMON GRUBER on a bridge over the Danube in Vienna. SIMON GRUBER moving through a crowded street in Budapest.

JARVIS
He is clinically psychotic. In 1980, the Israelis tried to take him out. The agent missed, but killed Gruber's lover.

PHOTOGRAPH - SIMON GRUBER with a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN in a cafe in Amsterdam.

JARVIS
Two weeks later the Israeli agent, most of him, was found in a hotel closet in Prague.

ZEUS
Most of him?

JARVIS
His head was placed neatly in the middle of the bed, on a pillow.

ZEUS
Ahh, fuck me....
(rises)
This has been fun, fellahs, but I think I hear my mother calling....

JARVIS
Sit down, Mr. Carver. Simon Gruber has come to New York and he's not very happy with Detective McClane. Or you, for that matter. Because of the use of explosive, we're inclined to think Simon's with this man --

PHOTOGRAPH - A dark, compact MAN on a street in Eastern Europe.

JARVIS
Mathias Targo, Hungarian, Gruber's protege. Easily the terrorist community's most dangerous explosives expert.

There's a KNOCK on the van door.

CROSS
Yes?

The van door opens.
Detective RICKY WALSH leans in the door with a grim expression. Says to Cobb:

WALSH
Arthur...
(hands Cobb a cellular phone)
...it's him again.

Everybody stares at the phone in Cobb's hand.

COBB
Hello.

SIMON
Hello, Arthur.

CROSS
(turns to a young F.B.I. agent in the back of the van)
Tommy. Speaker.

COBB
Simon, I'm putting you on speaker phone.

Cobb hands the phone to a the young F.B.I. agent (TOMMY) in the back of the van, who puts the cellular phone in a modum with a speaker capability. We HEAR SIMON:

SIMON
Let's see, I bet there's John McClane, and Zeus, and who from the F.B.I....?

A pause. Cross clears his throat.

CROSS
This is Deputy Director Andrew Cross, Simon.

SIMON
<u>Deputy</u> Director? I'm insulted. And who am I missing....?

JARVIS
William Jarvis, Simon.

SIMON
Bill, Bill, Bill. The last time I saw you was through the telescopic sight of a Reugers rifle. Do you still wear those horn-rimmed glasses, they're so unbecoming.

Everyone looks at Jarvis' horn-rimmed glasses. Jarvis grits his teeth.

SIMON
Congratulations, John, two for two. I thought you might be getting bored so I've put twenty-eight hundred pounds of C-4 plastique explosive in one of the 246 schools in Greater New York. It's set with a timer....

COBB
Excuse me, did you say twenty-eight hundred pounds?

SIMON
Yes. Please don't interrupt again. It's timed to explode in exactly three hours, at 3:00 p.m. If <u>any</u> child is seen exiting <u>any</u> of the schools, I will detonate the bomb by remote control.

MCCLANE
What's the Simon Says part?

SIMON
Hello, John. Simon says: McClane and his new friend go to the payphone in Washington Square Park. I will call you in twenty minutes. If you do what you're told I will tell you where the bomb is and how to disarm it.

COBB
Simon, wait. Which school?

SIMON
If I told you that it wouldn't be fun, would it? By the way: the bomb's detonator is set to receive the police ban frequency. I'd avoid using your radios.

COBB
Simon, wait....

CLICK.
Everyone stares at each other.

MCCLANE
Twenty-eight hundred pounds of C-4. Ten pounds of the stuff can level a building. Where would he get that?

JARVIS
You don't know this man.

COBB
He's bluffing.

JARVIS
I gaurantee you he isn't.

There's A KNOCK on the van door. The door opens. Charlie Weiss from the N.Y.P.D. bomb squad sticks his head in the van.

WEISS
Arthur, we traced the explosive from the bomb in Central Park. The manufacturer's in Grand Rapids, Michigan. I called 'em. They had a break-in over the week-end.
(beat)
You won't believe this. Twenty-eight hundred pounds of C-4 high-density plastique explosive. That's the equivalent of what we dropped on Hiroshima.

Everyone looks at each other.

ZEUS
McClane. The riddle.

JARVIS
What riddle?

MCCLANE
Simon gave us a riddle. The answer was twenty-eight hundred.

COBB
You've got twenty minutes, John. When you get something, call the police switchboard. They'll find me.

McClane turns to Zeus:

MCCLANE
You up for this?

ZEUS
Do I have a choice?

McClane and Zeus exit the van, hustling down the alleyway for Washington Square Park.

Cobb turns to Cross and Jarvis:

COBB
I'm going to need federal help here.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALL STREET - SUBWAY BLAST SITE

COBB is behind the barricades. All the POLICE, FIREMEN, and E.M.S. workers are crowded in front of him.

COBB
Ricky, get the media out of here.

Walsh moves off yelling at the T.V. NEWS TEAMS.

WALSH
You've gotta evacuate the area. NOW, people...

Cobb continues:

COBB
I want <u>every</u> available man -- transit cops, Triboro Authority cops, airport cops, the fire department, and E.M.S. personnel. I want every school cordoned off. No kid can leave. And don't use your radios! And don't tell the press or we'll have the biggest panic in New York since the blackout in '76!

The cops scurry off.
Cobb mutters to no one in particular.

COBB
Goddamn this guy....

CUT TO:

EXT. WALL STREET - ROOFTOP - DAY

We are on rooftop 25 stories above the blast site. Below, on Wall Street, the cops are scurrying off to try to find the bomb in the school.

A MAN is at the edge of the roof, looking down. He turns away and we are face-to-face with --

SIMON GRUBER, age 42. Everything about this man is disconcerting: his physicality, the way he moves, the

way he lights a cigarette. His eyes are very blue, yet dead, like a shark. His smile is ironic, detached.

SIMON
They bought it.

MATHIAS TARGO, next to Simon, nods. Targo is Hungarian, 30's, compact and deadly. He never smiles.

Simon flips open a cellular phone, punches numbers.

SIMON
Go.

Simon and Targo turn and look north, up Greenwich Avenue, toward Tribeca. A mile away they can see --

SIMON'S POV - FROM ROOFTOP VANTAGE - TEN HUGE INDUSTRIAL DUMPTRUCKS wheel around a corner and head down Greenwich Ave. toward Wall Street.

BACK TO SCENE

Simon pockets the cellular phone and turns to Targo, who wears a grim expression.

SIMON
Did someone die?

Simon smiles; Targo maintains his grim expression.

TARGO
He got on the train, Simon. The bomb detonated in the wrong place.

SIMON
It's close enough.

TARGO
You have more in common with your brother than I thought.

SIMON
What?

TARGO
You both underestimate this man.

Simon's smile vanishes. He is instantly cold, detached.

SIMON
Keep your opinions about my brother - and me - to yourself, Mathias.

Simon turns and walks off.
Targo watches him.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - DAY

An N.Y.P.D. airport security captain hangs up a phone and turns to his sergeant:

AIRPORT POLICE CAPTAIN
Release every man you can spare and get over to the Manhattan bureau. They've got a situation over there - and *don't use your radios!*

The sergeant hurries off and we --

CUT TO:

INT. TRIBORO AUTHORITY - DAY

An N.Y.P.D. Bridge and Tunnel Captain screams at his SUBORDINATES, who hustle for the door.

TRIBORO POLICE CAPTAIN
Move, people, move!

CUT TO:

INT. MIDTOWN BUREAU - DETECTIVES BULLPEN - DAY

An emergency briefing. The room is filled with uniformed cops and detectives, some still entering.

COBB is in the front of the room with a huge map of Greater New York, breaking down assignments.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - N.Y.P.D. MOTOR POOL - DAY

A police motor pool garage - a line of a hundred N.Y.P.D. cruisers. As each cruiser exits the garage, the cop at the wheel hands his C.B. POLICE BAN RADIO to a cop collecting them.

CUT TO:

INT. N.Y.P.D. - POLICE DISPATCH

The switching center for all police communications. A row of THIRTY DISPATCHERS sit at their phones. The pace is frantic. Obviously, the volume of calls has just drastically increased.

WANDA SHEPHERD, the head dispatcher, a wiry, chainsmoking, frenetic woman, watches her staff.

She turns and walks down the corridor, running into --

Sgt. JOHN TURLEY, N.Y.P.D. Chief of Internal Communications. Turley's natural calm is the mirror opposite of Shepherd's natural frenzy.

WANDA SHEPHERD
Sergeant, we've just quadrupled our volume in five minutes. What the hell is...?

JOHN TURLEY
Stop. Let me explain. For the rest of the day we're handling all the department's communication.

WANDA SHEPHERD
What do you mean all communication.

JOHN TURLEY
We're shutting down the police ban. All calls will be handled through this switchboard.

WANDA SHEPHERD
And I'm gonna marry Donald Trump! Do you have any idea what kind of volume we're talking about....?

Turley takes her arm and pulls her toward the dispatch room.

JOHN TURLEY
Stop. We will deal with this as best we can. Do you want a valium?

They move inside the dispatch room and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

The park at the bottom of 5th Avenue. It is mid-day and packed. Baby strollers, rollerbladers, a few artists. A Juilliard violinist plays for quarters.

McClane and Zeus come across the park; they stop at the phones next to the fountain in the park's center.

ZEUS
What do we do now?

MCCLANE
We wait.

They stand there by the phone in silence. Zeus is eyeing McClane.

ZEUS
You know, I thought I recognized you. Saw you're name in the paper. Read the article too. Mr. Distinguished Service Medal. So who the fuck is John McClane?

MCCLANE
You read the article.

ZEUS
Fuck the article. Who's John McClane?

MCCLANE
He's forty years old. He's a cop. He's divorced because he's a cop. And somebody's trying to kill him.
(beat)
Who is Zeus Carver?

ZEUS
He's twenty-nine. He owns an appliance shop. He's divorced because - none o' your fuckin' business. And somebody's trying to kill him because he saved some white cop's ass.

They eye each other.

MCCLANE
You think for five minutes we can get around this black white thing?

ZEUS
Sure. Fine. Let's "get around it." What the fuck does that mean.

MCCLANE
It means you've got a beef with me because I'm white. You want to tell me why?

ZEUS
If you have to ask the question, you won't understand the answer.

They eye each other. Then they talk at once, the pace and intensity increasing:

MCCLANE
Let's get something straight...

ZEUS
...yeah, you're good at that...

MCCLANE
....I don't own any slaves...

ZEUS
...Ahh man, you're not going to shovel this bullshit at me...

MCCLANE
...my ancestors, to my knowledge, didn't own any slaves....

ZEUS
...you think I haven't heard this shit before...?

MCCLANE
...And I don't give a rat's left testicle if you're black, or white, or green...

ZEUS
...let me get something straight...

MCCLANE
...or fucking purple...

ZEUS
...suck my dick, McClane.

Silence. They glare at each other.
The phone RINGS.
They continue staring each other down. Neither moves.

ZEUS
You gonna answer that?

McClane grabs the phone.

MCCLANE
Hello.

SIMON
Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three, doth puzzle me,
And practice drives me mad.
(beat)
Can you both hear me?

McClane motions to Zeus, who comes up close. They share the phone receiver. Reluctantly.

MCCLANE
Yes.

SIMON
The top of the phone booth.

Zeus takes the phone.
McClane reaches to the roof of the phonebooth.
His hands lower, holding a CARDBOARD BOX.

SIMON
Open it.

McClane sets the box on the ground and opens it.
McClane and Zeus stare at --

INSIDE THE BOX - A WEIGHING SCALE (the household variety) attached to a DIGITALLY TIMED DETONATOR.

SIMON
Turn toward the fountain.
(McClane and Zeus turn; look)
Do you see the two jugs?

THEIR POV - PANNING THE EDGE OF THE FOUNTAIN

We move past a couple kids, an old guy smoking a cigarette...TWO PLASTIC JUGS with HANDLES sit by the lip of the fountain.

BACK TO SCENE

SIMON
One is a five gallon jug, the other is a three gallon jug. Simon Says fill one of the jugs with exactly four gallons of water and place it on the scale.

McClane and Zeus exchange a look.

MCCLANE
Why should we do that?

SIMON
That exact weight of water will stop the detonator attached to the scale.

ZEUS
Detonator? Where's the bomb?

MCCLANE'S looking over Zeus' shoulder. His face darkens. He says under his breath....

MCCLANE
Over there, Zeus.

Zeus whirls around and looks at --

THEIR POV - ACROSS THE POND - A CHILDRENS' PARK

about 50 yards away. A swingset, a jungle gym, a

teeter-totter, etc. A GROUP OF KIDS and THEIR MOTHERS and NANNIES are playing. The kids are tear-assing around the place. Under the jungle gym, A SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE glints in the sunshine.

BACK TO SCENE - Simon continues:

SIMON
Exactly four gallons in one of the jugs. I emphasize exactly. You have twenty minutes.

Mclane and Zeus look down in horror as --

The DIGITAL TIMER on the detonator flicks on. It reads: 20:00. Then flips to 19:59 and begins counting down: 19:58, 19:57, 19:56....

MCCLANE
Simon, wait, how are we going to...?

SIMON
If I told you it wouldn't be fun? Would it John.

CLICK.

CUT TO:

SIMON clicks off his cellular phone; we see that he's on street level as we WIDEN TO --

EXT. WALL STREET - SUBWAY BLAST SITE

SIMON and TARGO, both wearing hardhats and suits and ties. They walk toward --

TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS guarding the barricaded perimeter of the blast site from pedestrians. All the other police, fire, and E.M.S. personnel and vehicles have been deverted to deal with the bomb in the school.

In the b.g. the TEN INDUSTRIAL DUMPTRUCKS are pulling up to the site and parking next to the blast site.

Simon approaches the cops.
He opens his wallet and flashes proper credentials.

SIMON
(American accent)
Bob Thompson, City Engineer.
(looks at the crater
Holy Toledo, somebody had fun.

COP 1
Fuckin' unbelievable ehh? What can I do for you Mr. Thompson?

SIMON
The mayor wants this train up and running - that's where I come in. We're going to clear the rubble and gauge the extent of damage.

COP 2
That was quick.

SIMON
Wall Street, son. When rich people want something, they don't wait.

COP 1
(laughs)
Come on, we'll take you down.

The two cops lead Simon and Targo down the station steps. Simon stops. Targo continues behind the cops, pulling A SILENCED HANDGUN from a shoulder holster.

Targo and the cops round the corner, descending to the platform. We hear SILENCED GUNSHOTS, then the sound of bodies collapsing.

TARGO comes back up the staircase, nodding to Simon. SIMON turns to the dumptrucks and motions.

TWO MEN get out of the lead dumptruck, dressed as N.Y.P.D. patrolmen. They take the dead policemens' places behind the barricades.

MR. LUCK, the driver of the lead dumptruck, backs up to the cratered hole in Wall Street. The bed of his truck rises, dumping out PORTABLE STEEL RAMPING GIRDERS.

Several other DUMPTRUCK DRIVERS leave their trucks; they pick up the ramping girders and begin erecting a ramp from the street level to the subway track below.

A DUMPTRUCK backs up to the crater. OTHER DRIVERS offload a TUNNEL DIGGER (used in mining operations - a machine that digs huge holes), and a MASSIVE CRATE.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

The DIGITAL TIMER on the detonator (attached to the scale) is counting: 15:32, 15:31, 15:30, etc. McClane has the jugs in hand.

MCCLANE
Let's start over. Four gallons in one of the jugs. I don't get it.

ZEUS
Me neither.

MCCLANE
Obviously we can't get four gallons in the three gallon jug.

ZEUS
Obviously.

MCCLANE
I know! Pour the three gallon jug full, then pour it into the five. Now there's EXACTLY three gallons in the five gallon jug, right?

ZEUS
Right....and then...?

MCCLANE
Uhh...fill the three gallon jug a third of the way, giving us one more gallon...

ZEUS
No, no, no, Simon said EXACTLY four gallons. We can't eyeball the last gallon. Look, don't say you know, unless you know. We have to be precise.

MCCLANE
Like your coke bottle idea?

ZEUS
Drop it, McClane....

MCCLANE
...no, c'mon, let's find a sixteen ounce coke bottle in the trash and fill the five gallon thirty-two times. That's real fuckin' precise, Zeus....

ZEUS
...I said drop it, McClane....

CUT TO:

EXT. WALL STREET SUBWAY STATION - STREET LEVEL - DAY

The FAKE COPS are standing guard.
The DRIVERS are building the steel ramp into the crater.

INT. WALL STREET SUBWAY STATION - TRACKS - DAY

We're in the tunnel, 50 yards from the station platform.

SIMON and TARGO stand on the tracks, watching --

THE TUNNEL DIGGER spewing dirt out of 10' by 6' aperture that's been jackhammered in the concrete wall of the subway tunnel. It backs out. The TUNNEL DIGGER OPERATOR turns to Simon:

TUNNEL DIGGER OPERATOR
We're at the armor plate.

Simon nods to Targo.
Targo crowbars open the HUGE CRATE we saw unloaded from the dumptruck, revealing a six-foot diameter, diamond-tipped HYDRAULIC DRILL mounted on treads. He gets behind the controls and starts the engine.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - FURTHER DOWN - DAY

A JACKHAMMERED HOLE in the subway wall.
The hole is lit with battery powered construction lamps.

INSIDE THE HOLE - MR. LUCK (the lead dumptruck driver) is on his belly next to an ELECTRICAL CONDUIT the size of a log. The conduit's steel casing is ripped open, exposing HUNDREDS OF SEPARATE ELECTRICAL WIRES.

Mr. Luck cuts and clamps a WIRE from the conduit onto a large black box with numerous gauges labeled: SEISMIC DETECTION MONITOR. He prepares to snip the OLD WIRE --

CUT TO:

INT. A MONITORING ROOM - DAY

TWO FEDERAL MARSHALS sit behind a bank of monitors. VIDEO MONITORS show the interior of VAULTS. Next to these are SEISMIC DETECTION MONITORS <u>exactly like the kind being used by Mr. Luck</u>.

FEDERAL MARSHAL 1
Going to the kitchen. Coffee?

FEDERAL MARSHAL 2
(turns in his chair)
Sure.

INT. INSIDE THE HOLE IN THE SUBWAY WALL

MR. LUCK snips the wire and --

INT. MONITORING ROOM - DAY

-- the seismic detection monitors briefly wobble. Federal Marshal 2 sees the glitch out of the corner of his eye and whirls around in his chair.

FEDERAL MARSHAL 2
Whoah, what was that?

FEDERAL MARSHAL 1
(alarmed)
What was what?

The SEISMIC DETECTION MONITORS appear normal.

FEDERAL MARSHAL 2
Nothin'.

Federal Marshal 1, satisfied, exits the room.

INT. WALL STREET SUBWAY STATION - PLATFORM

The ramp is now fully constructed. The DUMPTRUCKS are backing down the ramp onto the subway tracks.

Each DRIVER gets out and climbs into the bed of his dumptruck, releasing the tailgate. They drive SKID STEERS (compact, powerful, earthmoving vehicles) off the trucks. They drive the skid steers down the tracks.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL (WITH SIMON AND TARGO)

Simon is looking down the subway tracks.
DOWN THE TUNNEL -- a FLASHLIGHT flashes on, then off.

SIMON
Now, Mathias.
(flips open his cellular phone; dials)
You're time has come, Nigel.

INSIDE THE DRILLING HOLE - MATHIAS TARGO, seated behind the hydraulic drill, operates levers. The ENORMOUS DIAMOND-TIPPED BIT lifts up and pushes forward into a WALL OF TUNGSTEN STEEL ARMOUR PLATE.

CUT TO:

INT. A BANK LOBBY - DAY

A modest, non-descript bank lobby.
It's quiet. Little activity. No customers.

THREE GUARDS are on duty: one behind the front desk; Two by a metal detector in the corridor to the elevators.

THREE BUSINESSMEN enter the lobby, carrying briefcases. They speak with English accents.

ENGLISH BUSINESSMAN 1 (NIGEL)
I don't care what the exchange rate is, Freddy - the deal should rest on it's financial merits.

They move toward the front desk.

DESK GUARD
Gentlemen?
(the businessmen turn)
What can I do for you?

ENGLISH BUSINESSMAN 1 (FREDDY)
Thank-you. We're waiting for a colleague.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

Tarog's drill WHINES within the drilling hole.

SIMON turns and nods to SIX MEN with silenced machine pistols who move into the drilling hole.

INT. A BANK VAULT

BARS OF GOLD BULLION on PALLETS are stacked floor to ceiling. Suddenly the walls vibrate. The floor shakes until the whole room is rattling and --

TARGO'S HYDRAULIC DRILL BIT explodes through the wall. Red LIGHTS flare. A siren sounds.

INT. MONITORING ROOM

The Federal Marshals stare, astonished and startled, at the VISUAL MONITORS as the drill bit breaks through!

FEDERAL MARSHAL 1
Jesus Christ....

Federal Marshal 1 stabs the EMERGENCY BUTTON.
An ALARM CLANGS.
Federal Marshal 2 speaks into a microphone.

FEDERAL MARSHAL 2
Breach in the main vault. I repeat, we have a breach in the main vault.

INT. BANK LOBBY

SIRENS WAIL in the floors below.
The LOBBY GUARDS react with alarm.

The ENGLISH BUSINESSMEN pull silenced pistols from their coats and shoot the guards.

They drag the corpses into the back corridor.

One of the Businessmen, (NIGEL), strips off his suit jacket and shirt, revealing a FEDERAL MARSHAL'S UNIFORM

underneath. He walks back to the lobby, scooping up the hat of a dead guard. He puts the hat on.

The OTHER TWO BUSINESSMEN get in the elevator and descend.

INT. BANK - DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE MAIN VAULT

Eight heavily armed FEDERAL MARSHALS run down the corridor. They assemble around the vault door.

INT. MONITORING ROOM

Federal Marshal 1 punches a code into a keypad: it is the COMBINATION for the vault door.

FEDERAL MARSHAL 1
(into a mike)
I'm opening the door.

We HEAR the Monitor Room's door open.
The Federal Marshals look up and cringe. PHHHTT!
PHHHITT! Both are shot dead in their chairs.

INT. BANK - OUTSIDE THE MAIN VAULT

TUMBLERS electronically roll and a motor HUMS.
The vault door begins to slowly open.

Around the vault door, the team of Federal Marshals, breathing heavily, brace for a firefight.

FOUR DISKS scuttle across the tile floor.
Coming from <u>behind</u> them.

The FEDERAL MARSHALS stare at the disks. They EXPLODE, spewing gas. The Marshal's recoil, then collapse, unconscious.

THE TWO ENGLISH BUSINESSMEN step toward the vault door.
They move inside the vault, coming face-to-face with --

INT. BANK - MAIN VAULT

-- their comrades entering from the drilled hole.
Then, supremely, comes Simon Gruber.
He stands there, blue eyes flashing, staring at --

34 PERCENT OF THE WORLD'S GOLD CURRENCY gleaming on the pallets, stacked to the ceiling.

SIMON
Gentlemen, I present you with a golden opportunity...

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

THE DETONATOR'S TIMER counts down: 6:18, 6:17, 6:16...

MCCLANE
I thought you were good at this stuff.

ZEUS
Shut up. If we pour the three gallon into the five gallon...

MCCLANE
We did that.

ZEUS
Wait a minute, I'm onto something.

Zeus quickly grabs the five gallon jug. He submerses it. It quickly fills with water.

McClane, anxious, kneels next to him.

MCCLANE
What are you doing?

ZEUS
What I'm probably doing is gettin' typhus and herpes from this shit.
(he holds up the jug; it is full)
The five gallon jug, filled to the top. Exactly five gallons, right?

MCCLANE
Right.

ZEUS
Give me the three gallon.

McClane hands Zeus the three gallon jug. Zeus pours the five gallon jug into the three gallon jug until the water comes to the brim.

Zeus holds up the five gallon jug. It's 2/5ths full.

ZEUS
There were five gallons in here but I poured off EXACTLY three gallons into that jug, leaving me EXACTLY two gallons in the five, correct?

MCCLANE
(concentrating)
Yeah, right....

ZEUS
Okay, watch.

Zeus empties the three gallon jug into the fountain. He picks up the five gallon jug and pours EXACTLY two gallons into the three gallon jug.

During this, passing PEOPLE have begun to notice. McClane and Zeus get increasingly strange looks.

ZEUS
EXACTLY two gallons in the three gallon, right? How much time?

McClane looks at the timer.

MCCLANE
Four minutes thirty seconds.

ZEUS
Shit. Okay...okay...we fill the five back up.
(submerses the five gallon jug)
And then...uhh.....

Zeus pauses.

MCCLANE
Do the rest of it.

ZEUS
I don't know the rest of it.

MCCLANE
What? It was YOU who said: "don't say anything unless you know." I THOUGHT YOU KNEW.
(beat)
Oh christ.

McClane grabs the handle of the three gallon jug (filled with EXACTLY two gallons), trying to YANK it from Zeus.

Zeus holds on. They stand there, each with a handle. They pull back and forth.

MCCLANE
Let go. I'm starting over.

They both look down at --

THE SCALE'S DIGITAL TIMER: 4:00, 3:59, 3:58....

ZEUS
We can't start over, McClane.

They stand there, each pulling on a jug handle. And now, out of the corner of his eye, McClane sees --

McClane'S POV - BY THE JUNGLE GYM - A 5 YEAR-OLD BOY

is next to the SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE. He is picking it up by the handles. He smiles. Laughs. He's cute.

BACK TO SCENE - McClane'S EYES twitch with terror.

MCLANE
Oh my god.

Zeus follows McClane's eyes to the jungle gym. McClane screams at the little boy's MOTHER:

MCLANE
GET...GET AWAY FROM THAT.

CUT TO:

A PALLET OF GOLD BARS as THE BUCKET OF A SKID STEER rams into it and we widen to --

INT. BANK - MAIN VAULT

Simon's men are scooping up the huge pallets of gold bars. They move the gold like gravel, or rocks, with emphasis on speed. Bars are CLANGING on the ground.

INT. WALL STREET SUBWAY STATION - PLATFORM

Skid steers, laden with gold bars, roll up to the dumptrucks and empty their loads.

SIMON AND TARGO watch from the platform. Simon looks at his watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

THE SCALE'S TIMER reading: 00:31, 00:30, 00:29....

MCCLANE AND ZEUS are still trying to wrest the jug from each other. Both are furious, insistent:

MCCLANE
Goddamn it, let go or I'll kick your ass back to Harlem, you.....

McClane catches himself. An icy pause.

ZEUS
Go ahead, say it. Nigger.

MCCLANE
I wasn't going to say that. Asshole, maybe.
(looks at the timer)
Twenty seconds.

ZEUS
(looks at the jungle gym, panicking)
Fuck this. Let's get rid of the bomb.

But McClane isn't listening:

MCCLANE
I've got it. I'VE GOT IT!

ZEUS
What? You do?

McClane holds up the three gallon jug.

MCCLANE
Exactly two gallons, right?

McClane sets the three gallon jug down.
He pulls the five gallon jug out of the pond.

MCCLANE
And exactly five in here, right? So if we pour <u>this</u> into <u>that</u> until it comes to the top...

McClane pours the full five gallon jug into the three gallon jug until the water brims at the top.

MCCLANE
We're left with EXACTLY four gallons in the five gallon jug!

Zeus looks on, thunderstruck.

ZEUS
You did it. You did it!

They stand there, triumphant. Then they remember --

THE DIGITAL TIMER, now reading: 00:05, 00:04, 00:03...

McClane puts the five gallon on the scale -- <u>THE TIMER freezes at 00:01.</u> McClane and Zeus sink to their knees, hyperventilating as --

THE PHONE next to the fountain RINGS.
McClane goes to the phone. Grabs the receiver.

MCCLANE
Yeah. We did it.

We HEAR HANDS CLAPPING over the phone receiver.

SIMON
And I thought you were stupid, John.
(laughs)
But then things are never what they seem, are they?

CLOSE ON MCCLANE - as he listens to Simon laugh. McClane can't articulate it yet, but he's been here before. He has a feeling, a hunch.

CUT TO:

INT. WALL STREET STATION - PLATFORM

Simon on the platform.

In the b.g. the dumptrucks are filled with gold bullion. Each truckbed is topped with a layer of dirt to cover the gold, then covered with a tarpaulin.

INTERCUT - SIMON AND MCCLANE

MCCLANE
A deal's a deal, Simon. What school's the bomb in?

SIMON
Answer this and you will know: what is 27 out of 43? For the bomb's disarming code, go to the New York public library and consult card catalogue number HXU-498.

Simon clicks off his phone. Smiles.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

McClane hangs up the phone. He pulls out a pen and records the card catalogue number.

MCCLANE
What's twenty-seven out of forty-two? It's a riddle. The answer's where the bomb is. Come on.

McClane walks off.

ZEUS
Twenty-seven out of forty-two? I have no idea.
(follows McClane)
Where're you going?

MCCLANE
New York Public Library. The bomb's disarming code's in one of the books.

ZEUS
Hey. You forgetting something?

McClane stops. Turns.
Zeus is pointing across the park to the jungle gym, at the SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE with the bomb in it.

ZEUS
I don't think we should leave that there.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

McClane and Zeus exit Washington Square Park, McClane now carrying the samsonite briefcase with the bomb in it. They head north on Fifth Avenue. Behind them they hear SHOUTING. They turn.

DOWN THE STREET - TWO KIDS, both about 12 or 13, come tearing out of a KOREAN DELICATESSEN a block away. They get on bikes and begin pedaling down the sidewalk. The proprietor, an irate KOREAN, exits the deli and chases.

KOREAN PROPRIETOR
Come back here! Thief! Little son of bitch!

The Korean Proprietor pulls up, panting.
He curses and walks back to his store.

The kids pedal across the intersection, laughing, laden with stolen candy, bags of chips, sodas, etc., heading straight for McClane and Zeus. As they pedal past --

McClane sticks his arm out, collaring KID 1.
The bike CLATTERS on the sidewalk.

MCCLANE
Whoah, where ya going?

KID 1
(wrestling)
Lemme go!

The other kid pedals over to McClane.
McClane let's go of Kid 1. He falls on his can on the sidewalk. He glares up at McClane.

KID 1
You dickhead!

MCCLANE
Watch your mouth. Ever hear it's against the law to steal?

KID 1
Not today it ain't!

KID 2
Look around, man, there's no cops in the city.

TWO POLICE CRUISERS race past on Fifth Avenue, sirens BLARING.

KID 1
There's a fire someplace or somethin' goin' on.

KID 2
It's Christmas! Today you can steal anything you want!

CLOSE ON MCCLANE - the wheels are spinning again. He's been here before and now he comes to a decision.

McClane grabs Kid 2 by the collar and lifts him off the bike. He hands Zeus Kid 2's bike.

He picks up Kid 1's bike off the sidewalk. Then, with the samsonite briefcase in hand, he pedals off down the sidewalk, heading south!

MCCLANE
C'mon!

KID 1
(outraged)
Hey! He's stealing my bike!

Zeus turns to the shocked Kids and smiles.

ZEUS
It's Christmas. You can steal anything you want.

And Zeus pedals off after McClane, leaving -- THE KIDS on the sidewalk, staring slack-jawed.

DOWN THE SIDEWALK - ZEUS pedals up to MCCLANE.

ZEUS
Where the hell you going?

MCLANE
Wall Street.

ZEUS
What about the library?

MCCLANE
We'll get there. I got a hunch.
(off Zeus' reaction)
Work with me on this.

McClane pedals on down the sidewalk.
Zeus, scowling, pedals after him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRISTOPHER STREET

A small street perpendicular to Wall Street.
McClane and Zeus pedal down Christopher Street, stopping at the intersection of Christopher and Wall Street.
Mcclane dismounts his bike.

THE LAST OF SIMON'S DUMPTRUCKS is lumbering past McClane and Zeus, moving east. Zeus and McClane take no notice.
McClane looks to his right --

MCCLANE'S POV - WALL STREET (LOOKING WEST)

The Wall Street subway station is three blocks away.
The TWO FAKE COPS (Simon's men) are standing guard.

BACK TO SCENE - MCCLANE

looks around. His brow is furrowed, he is thinking a mile a minute, and he turns 180 degrees --

MCCLANE'S POV - PANNING 180 DEGREES FROM WALL STREET (LOOKING WEST) TO WALL STREET (LOOKING EAST)

The NEW YORK FEDERAL RESERVE BUILDING looms up about three blocks east. A grand, marble-pillared building.

BACK TO SCENE - MCCLANE'S EYES

glint and now he thinks he's onto something:

MCCLANE
(pointing at the
Federal Reserve)
See that building down there?

ZEUS
Yeah.

MCCLANE
Here.
(hands Zeus the
samsonite briefcase)
Go get those two cops. Tell 'em to meet me in the lobby.

ZEUS
McClane, would you tell me what the f....?

MCCLANE
I don't know myself. Just do it, Zeus. Humor me for five minutes.

McClane walks toward the Federal Reserve.
Zeus frowns, exasperated, and walks toward the subway.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALL STREET SUBWAY STATION - STREET LEVEL - DAY

Zeus pedals up to the station, stopping behind the barricade.

ZEUS
Hey.

The two cops turn, see Zeus.
They walk over.

FAKE COP 1
Yes, sir?

ZEUS
I was told to come get you guys.

The two fake cops look at each other.

FAKE COP 2
I'm sorry sir?

ZEUS
A cop wants you to meet him in the lobby of that building down there.
(points to the Federal Reserve)
Don't ask me.

The two cops look at each other again.
The tension is mounting.

FAKE COP 2
We can't do that, sir.

And strangely, they move outside the barricades and walk off down the street.

Zeus watches them, perplexed. He looks around.
He notices THE RAMPS leading into the crater.
He dismounts the bike, sets down the samsonite briefcase, and steps past the barricades, heading toward the crater.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK FEDERAL RESERVE - DAY

McCLANE enters the lobby.
Calm, uneventful, no customers.

THREE FEDERAL MARSHALS stand guard: one behind the front desk; two at the METAL DETECTOR. They are SIMON'S MEN who commandeered the building.

McClane steps up to the Guard (Nigel) behind the desk. He flips open his detective's shield.

MCCLANE
McClane, N.Y.P.D.

Nigel exchanges a tense glance with the other guards, then smiles at McClane, and says, in an American accent:

DESK GUARD (NIGEL)
What can I do for you, Lieutenant?

MCCLANE
Anything strange happen - say in the last hour?

DESK GUARD (NIGEL)
No.

MCCLANE
You're sure?

The other guards apporach.

DESK GUARD (NIGEL)
(to the other guards)
You guys see anything funny the last hour?

OTHER GUARDS (FREDDY AND BERT)
-- Nope.
-- Not a thing.

MCCLANE
Mind if I take a look at the vault? Take two minutes.

DESK GUARD (NIGEL)
Be my guest.
(rises, comes out from behind desk)
This way.

McClane follows the Guards across the lobby. They move past the metal detector and down the side corridor.

McClane continues toward THE STAIRWELL in front of him.

DESK GUARD (NIGEL)
Lieutenant?

McClane stops. He turns.
The Desk Guard (Nigel) is pointing at the elevators.

NIGEL
(smiles)
Take the lift.

McClane begins to walk over to the elevator.

CLOSE ON MCCLANE - Something isn't kosher here.
Something Nigel just said.

McClane stops suddenly, turns, and begins looking around the corridor and lobby.

MCCLANE
Hey, fellahs? I think I know what's bothering me.

As McClane walks away from the guards, he reaches inside his jacket and pulls his gun from his shoulder holster.

THE GUARDS nervously look at each other. They didn't want to kill McClane here but now they'll have to.

MCCLANE
In America you never call....

THE GUARDS begin to pull their handguns and level them at McClane's back, but --

MCCLANE spins, diving to the floor, his gun up and firing. In rapid succession McClane shoots and kills Nigel, Freddy and the other fake guard.

McClane gets up and steps past their corpses.

MCCLANE
...an elevator a "lift."

McClane gets in the elevator and descends.

CUT TO:

INT. WALL STREET SUBWAY STATION - PLATFORM

Zeus walks down the ramp onto the subway platform.
Simon's abandoned SKID STEERS sit there.

Zeus jumps onto the track and follows the line of abandoned equipment, toward the drilling hole.

EXT. FEDERAL RESERVE - CORRIDOR LEADING TO VAULT

McClane comes down the corridor with extreme vigilance, training his gun left and right.

He passes the monitoring room.
The TWO FEDERAL MARSHALS are dead in their chairs.

McClane comes to the vault. The door is open.
The other Federal Marshals are unconscious on the ground. McClane moves vigilantly inside --

EXT. FEDERAL RESERVE - MAIN VAULT

McClane enters.
He looks at the DRILLED HOLE IN THE WALL.
He HEARS something coming through the hole.

MCCLANE
Don't fuckin' move!

Zeus, emerges, throwing up his hands.

ZEUS
It's me!

McClane, relieved, lowers his gun.
Zeus moves into the vault.
They look around stupified. All the gold is gone.

MCCLANE
(stunned)
That motherfucking....
(beat)
It was all a set-up.

ZEUS
What was in here?

McClane picks up a GOLD BAR at his feet.
He hands it to Zeus. Zeus' eyes widen, glinting in the reflection of the gleaming gold bar.

MCCLANE
About a hundred and thirty billion dollars of gold bullion.

ZEUS
(nearly choking)
'Scuse me, you say one <u>billion</u>...?
(McClane nods)
This whole room? Feel the weight o' that - it'd take a tank to move that much. It'd take...

MCCLANE
...dump trucks. It'd take about ten, big, industrial dumptrucks.

They stare at each other, realizing that the last dumptruck was leaving when they arrived.

ZEUS
It was heading east.

McClane moves quickly to the vault door, saying to Zeus over his shoulder --

MCCLANE
Leave it, Zeus.

Zeus frowns. He drops the gold bar and follows McClane. The gold bar THUDS on the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL RESERVE - FRONT STEPS

McClane and Zeus run down the steps of the bank. MCCLANE runs to a PUBLIC PHONE on the corner. Punches numbers. The call connects and we hear:

RECORDED VOICE (v.o.)
You have reached the switchboard of the New York Police Department. At this moment, all our lines are....

CUT TO:

INT. N.Y.P.D. - POLICE DISPATCH

The THIRTY DISPATCHERS are blue in the face, handling ten times the normal volume.

RECORDED VOICE (v.o.)
...busy. Please wait and your call will be handled....

Head dispatcher WANDA SHEPHERD is chainsmoking, watching her staff. She screams down the hall.

WANDA SHEPHERD
Sergeant, goddamn it, I need more lines! We got a twenty minute wait on some of these calls....!

She lights another cigarette and --

CUT TO:

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

MCCLANE anxiously tapping his fingers, waiting for the phone to connect.

MCCLANE
Christ, is every fuckin' cop in the city using this line....?

DOWN THE STREET - ZEUS jogs along the curb, checking parked cars. He comes to a YUGO with it's window half open. He reaches inside, unlocking the door.

ZEUS
McClane!

McClane slams down the phone and runs over to Zeus. They get in, Zeus behind the wheel.

ZEUS
Police authority?

MCCLANE
Be my guest. You know how to hot-wire?

Zeus pulls a plastic folder from his pocket, opening it, revealing a small set of ELECTRICIAN'S SCREWDRIVERS.

ZEUS
'Course I do, I'm an electrician. Only problem is...
(he JAMS a screwdriver in the ignition; starts the car)
...it takes too fuckin' long.

Zeus throws it in a gear.

EXT. WALL STREET - CONTINUOUS

THE YUGO pulls over by the subway blast site. The door opens. MCCLANE'S HAND reaches out and grabs the samsonite briefcase. The Yugo sputters off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRONX - DAY

Bomb Squad Chief Charlie Weiss stands outside a public school in the Bronx. The entire block is baricaded off. A SUBORDINATE is briefing him.

SUBORDINATE
They're halfway done in Brooklyn. We're still behind schedule in Westchester County.

Wiess looks up as TWO BOMB SQUAD members come down the steps of the school, shaking their heads at Weiss.

Weiss turns to his people.

WEISS
Franklin Elementary on Courtland Park Avenue. Let's move it, people

Weiss and his men mobilize for the next school and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - ENTRANCE RAMP

The Yugo struggles up the ramp to the Brooklyn Bridge and stops. Zeus and McClane get out. Cars WHIZ past, HONKING. Zeus and McClane look around.

From this vantage they can see: 1) to the east, the Brooklyn Bridge; 2) to the west, lower Manhattan, Wall Street, the Bowery; and 3) to the north, the F.D.R. Expressway stretching up the East River.

ZEUS' AND MCCLANE'S POV - SCANNING THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

There are no dumptrucks on the bridge.

BACK TO SCENE

MCCLANE
Nothing on the bridge.

ZEUS
McClane.

Zeus is pointing toward --

ZEUS' AND MCCLANE'S POV - NORTH ON THE F.D.R.

Lumbering up the F.D.R., about a mile north, is a line of TEN INDUSTRIAL DUMPTRUCKS.

BACK TO SCENE - MCCLANE AND ZEUS

get in the Yugo and roar down the ramp onto the F.D.R.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - 59TH AND BROADWAY

SEVERAL POLICE VANS are parked in the rotary island at Columbus Circle. A make-shift N.Y.P.D. Command Central.

Chief Cobb sits in an open van, chewing gum. Joe Lambert and Ricky Walsh are reporting to him.

LAMBERT
They're almost finished with the Bronx. We were worried about Brooklyn but the airport and Tri-boro cops covered our ass.

WALSH
The kids have been put in common areas: gymnasiums and cafeterias. Charlie's guys are going school by school. So far they haven't found shit.

LAMBERT
Any word from McClane?

COBB
Nothing.
(hopeful)
Don't worry. He'll call.

CUT TO:

INT. YUGO - TRAVELING WITH MCCLANE AND ZEUS

McClane is pounding his fist on the dash.

MCCLANE
Where's a goddamn phone?

ZEUS
Carphone's don't exactly come standard in pieces of shit like this. You want me to pull over?

MCCLANE
And lose the trucks? Fuck that.

UP AHEAD - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - The dumptrucks move slowly in the right lane, about 3/4ths of mile ahead.

ZEUS
(looks at his watch)
It's 1:45. We got an hour fifteen. What about the library? We've gotta get that disarming code.

MCCLANE
What good'll it do? We don't know where the bomb <u>is</u>. What's twenty-seven out of forty-two?

ZEUS
Don't look at me.
(thinks a moment; it dawns on him)
Wait a minute. Clinton's the forty second president.

They stare at each other, it dawning on them.

MCCLANE
Presidents. That's it. That's gotta be it. You're a fuckin' genius.
(beat)
So who was the twenty-seventh?

ZEUS
I don't know.

MCCLANE
You don't?

ZEUS
No. Do you?

MCCLANE
No. I got a "D" in history.
(the engine SPUTTERS)
This fuckin' thing's a go-cart.
WHERE THE FUCK IS A PHONE?

ZEUS
McClane.

Zeus is pointing out his side window at --

A MERCEDES moving in traffic right next to them. At the wheel is a YUPPIE STOCKBROKER engrossed in conversation on a CELLULAR PHONE.

McClane and Zeus exchange a knowing glance and we --

CUT TO:

THE MERCEDES' TIRES SQUEALING away from the F.D.R. Expressway's breakdown lane.

EXT. F.D.R. EXPRESSWAY - BREAKDOWN LANE

The Yuppie stands there, open-mouthed, watching his Mercedes drive off. The YUGO is parked behind him. Suddenly the Mercedes stops. The window rolls down. McClane sticks his head out. Screams at the Yuppie.

MCCLANE
Hey! You know who the twenty-seventh president was?

YUPPIE STOCKBROKER
(nonplussed)
No.

The Mercedes SQUEALS off, fishtailing into traffic.

INT. MERCEDES' - TRAVELING WITH MCCLANE AND ZEUS

McClane is now driving.
He grabs the cellular phone and punches buttons.

MCCLANE
This is more like it.

At this point they're at about 60th street.
The call connects. McClane listens to a RECORDING:

RECORDED VOICE (v.o.)
You have reached the switchboard of the New York Police Department. At this moment, all our lines are....

MCCLANE
Ahh FUCK, would you clear the goddamn switchboard....?

McClane punches "redial" and waits.

The Mercedes moves under an underpass.
AHEAD, the expressway veers around a several corners.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - we can no longer see THE DUMPTRUCKS; they've gone around a corner.

ZEUS
I can't see 'em.

MCCLANE
Don't worry - they're up there.

RECORDED VOICE (v.o.)
You have reached the switchboard of the New York Po....
(suddenly a human voice)
Police dispatch, may I help you.

MCCLANE
It's about fuckin' time! This is Lieutenant John McClane, put me through to Chief Cobb.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE

COBB, on the phone:

COBB
WHAT?

INTERCUT - COBB and MCCLANE

MCCLANE
Does this sound like a joke? They're right in front of me, Arthur.

COBB
Where are you?

MCCLANE
Northbound on the F.D.R. About....
(looks at the passing streets)
...Seventy-fifth Street.

COBB
What do you want me to do?

MCCLANE
Seal off the bridges and tunnels.

COBB
John, jesus christ, what about the bomb?

MCCLANE
Arthur, just listen to me....

The line CRACKLES with static, then a DIAL TONE.

MCCLANE
Ahh fuck me....

McClane punches "redial" again.
The Mercedes is emerging from the underpass.
Zeus is looking ahead, through the windshield.

ZEUS
McClane.

THEIR POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD - THE F.D.R. AHEAD - The dumptrucks are gone. They've vanished.

MCCLANE
Where'd they go?

McClane and Zeus look around frantically.
The dumptrucks have seemingly vanished. Then:

ZEUS
Down there!

Zeus points and McClane looks --

THEIR POV - A SINGLE DUMPTRUCK is wheeling down a SIDE STREET off the F.D.R.

CUT TO:

INT. N.Y.P.D. - TRAFFIC BUREAU

HENRY ROLLINS, the N.Y.P.D. Captain of Traffic Police, is on the phone with Arthur Cobb.

CAPTAIN HENRY ROLLINS
Arthur, I don't have the personnel to close a fuckin' popsickle stand. You took 'em already.
(he settles)
All right, all right. I can give you a hundred guys. Five to ten for every bridge and tunnel.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE

COBB on the phone with Henry Rollins:

COBB
I love ya, Henry.

Cobb hangs up and dials another number.

COBB
Janie, put me through to the F.B.I.

CUT TO:

EXT. F.D.R. EXPRESSWAY - DAY

McClane and Zeus are panicking.

MCCLANE
When's the next exit?

ZEUS
A hundred and tenth.

MCCLANE
I beg to differ. This thing have airbags?

McClane SLAMS on the breaks and throws the wheel. The mercedes FISHTAILS into the left hand lane.

ZEUS
Yeah. Why? McClane? Ahh shiiittt....!

McClane throws the wheel again.
The Mercedes SMASHES through the guardrail and flies into the SOUTHBOUND LANE of the F.D.R.

ONCOMING CARS SCREECH, locking up their brakes as --

THE MERCEDES ROARS across the three southbound F.D.R. lanes, SMASHES through the far guardrail, and careens wildly onto 86TH STREET.

MCCLANE throws the wheel, powersliding into a U-turn. He floors it and SPEEDS after the dumptruck.

EXT. 86TH STREET (APPROACHIN FIFTH AVENUE)

The Mercedes closes on the DUMPTRUCK McClane and Zeus saw from the F.D.R.

The Mercedes overtakes the dumptruck, then SWERVES in front of it, SCREECHING TO A STOP, blocking it.

The dumptruck stops.
McClane and Zeus get out.
McClane approaches the dumptruck, gun drawn, hollering:

MCCLANE
Get your hands up and get the fuck out!

The terrified DRIVER throws up his hands.
He gets out of the cab, quivering.

DUMPTRUCK DRIVER
Take it easy!

McClane, still training the gun on the driver, backs up toward the bed of the dumptruck. He climbs onto the bumper and looks in the truckbed.

THE TRUCKBED - is empty.

McClane steps down from the bed, lowering the gun.
He flips open his detective's shield.

MCCLANE
Where're you going?

DRIVER
(points)
Central Park - the aquaduct construction.

MCCLANE
(stunned)
The New York City aquaduct?
(points at the truck)
Can you drive one o' these through it?

DRIVER
That's all I been doin' the last five years.

McClane's brain sparks with understanding. It's all clear to him now. He turns to Zeus.

MCCLANE
Simon's using the aquaduct to get off the island.
(turns to the dumptruck driver)
Can you follow the aquaduct above ground?

DRIVER
Straight up the Saw Mill Parkway. Every quarter mile there's a ventilation grate - can't miss 'em.

McClane hand Zeus the slip of paper on which he recorded the card catalogue number.

MCCLANE
Go to the library and get the book, then follow the aquaduct north.

ZEUS
What are <u>you</u> gonna do?

MCCLANE
I'm going in the tunnel.

ZEUS
You know, you are one sick muthafucker, McClane.

MCCLANE
You know, Zeus, I think you're beginning to like me.
(to the driver)
Let's go.

McClane and the driver move quickly to the truck.

ZUES
McClane, goddamn it....

But McClane is gone.
Zeus scowls. He runs to the Mercedes.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - RESERVOIR

The point at which the aquaduct reaches Manhattan.

A LINE OF DUMPTRUCKS is entering the tunnel; ANOTHER LINE OF DUMPTRUCKS is exiting.

PAANING PAST THE TRUCKS ENTERING THE TUNNEL - SIMON'S DUMPTRUCKS have fallen in line. We see MR. LUCK and SIMON'S OTHER DRIVERS behind the wheels of their trucks.

INT. SIMON'S DUMPTRUCK

SIMON, in the lead dump ruck, sits with Targo, who drives. Targo, grim as usual, looks at his watch.

TARGO
We're behind schedule.

SIMON
They know nothing, Mathius. And if they do, they'll do exactly what we want - close the bridges and tunnels.
(smiles)
That can be made more difficult.....

Simon, smiling, picks up his cellular phone as his truck enters the aquaduct tunnel.

CUT TO:

EXT. WKROC ("K-ROCK") SOUND BOOTH

A DISC JOCKEY, on-air, sits with his feet propped up (a song is playing). His phone FLASHES. He picks it up.

DISC JOCKEY (the "Flash")
K - Rock, this is the Flash.
(beat; he reacts, dropping his feet to the floor)
You've got to be kidding me....

CUT TO:

INT. WEST VILLAGE - A GREEK DELICATESSEN

A GREEK proprietor behind his counter.
A Customer comes charging in.

CUSTOMER
Hey Theo - I just heard it on the radio. Some crazy bastaad's put a bomb in one of the schools!

A LADY CUSTOMER hears this, alarmed.

A LADY CUSTOMER
What?

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

Two guys are jogging, one listening to a walkman. The guy with the walkman stops. Rips off his headphones.

JOGGER 1
Jesus Christ, there's a bomb in one of the schools in New York.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

The Mercedes pulls up to the curb, double-parking. Zeus gets out and runs up the steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - AQUADUCT CONSTRUCTION SITE

The dumptruck with McClane and the driver roll up to the aquaduct tunnel opening.

INT. DUMPTRUCK - MCCLANE AND DRIVER

MCCLANE
What's your name?

DUMPTRUCK DRIVER (JERRY PARKS)
Jerry Parks.

MCCLANE
Nice to meetcha, Jerry.

They begin to enter the TUNNEL ENTRANCE.

MCCLANE
You know anything about history, Jerry?

JERRY PARKS
Yeah, some.

MCCLANE
Who was the twenty-seventh president?

Jerry Parks gives McClane a funny look.

JERRY PARKS
Howard Taft.

MCCLANE
You sure?

JERRY PARKS
Yeah - after serving two terms in the Senate and one term as Vice President. Interesting man. Did you know he was ambassador to Sweden?

McClane gives Jerry Parks a funny look.

MCCLANE
No I didn't, Jerry.

INT. NEW YORK CITY AQUADUCT

Jerry Parks' dumptruck rumbles into the Aquaduct and pulls into --

THE PUMPING STATION EXCAVATION SITE - here, an enormous subterranean room is being dug for the aquaduct's pumping station. BACKHOES are filling the DUMPTRUCKS with excavated dirt and rubble.

AT ONE END OF THE PUMPING STATION - we see the actual AQUADUCT TUNNEL OPENING - a 32 foot diameter tube.

Jerry Parks pulls up next to the BACKHOE OPERATOR.

MCCLANE
Hey, you see any dumptrucks pull into the tunnel?

BACKHOE OPERATOR
(cupping hand to ear)
What?

MCCLANE
(yells)
DID ANY TRUCKS PULL INTO THE TUNNEL?

BACKHOE OPERATOR
HUH?

McClane turns to Jerry Parks.

MCCLANE
How far does the tunnel go?

JERRY PARKS
Catskill mountains. But we've already brougnt the water down to northern Westchester. There's a retaining wall up there.

MCCLANE
You got a car?

JERRY PARKS
Right outside.

MCCLANE
This is what I want you to do. Drive to Columbus Circle and find a man named Arthur Cobb. Tell him John McClane sent you. Tell him the bomb is in Taft Public School. And tell him where I went.

JERRY PARKS
Where you went?

MCCLANE
I'm gonna need the dumptruck, Jerry.

Jerry Parks gulps and --

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Zeus runs down the steps with a LIBRARY BOOK under his arm. He gets in the Mercedes.

INT. MERCEDES

Zeus settles in behind the wheel. Looks at the book. It is entitled:

Simple Solutions to Complex Problems

by physicist Richard Eichman. Zeus stares at it. He flips through it. Shakes it to see if anything falls out. Starts the ignition and ROARS off.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NEW YORK CITY AQUADUCT

A circular tunnel, 32 foot in diameter.
SIMON'S TRUCKS roll through the tunnel at 40 m.p.h.

One of the trucks stops.
The nine other trucks continue up the aquaduct.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - AMSTERDAM PARKING GARAGES

CROWDS OF PEOPLE are packed around the garages, demanding to get their cars. The ARAB PARKING ATTENDANT is freaking out.

ARAB PARKING ATTENDANT
Only get one at time! One at time!

EXT. BRONX AVENUE BRIDGE

The bridge from Manhattan to the Bronx.
The entrance to the bridge is starting to fill.
Cars are trying to evacuate the city and everyone has headed for the bridges and tunnels.

Zeus'S MERCEDES, flying through traffic, cutting off cars, swerves onto the bridge as behind him --

The block around the bridge becomes hopelessly bottlenecked. The TRAFFIC COPS arriving to block off the bridge can't reach the bridge.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY AQUADUCT

McClane, in Jerry Parks' dumptruck, rumbles up the tunnel.

INT. JERRY PARKS' DUMPTRUCK

McClane's looking through the windshield.
He comes around a corner.

UP AHEAD - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - we see THE TAIL LIGHTS OF A DUMPTRUCK sitting in the tunnel, the truck from Simon's convoy which stayed behind.

McClane stops. He thinks a moment.
In the seat next to him is Jerry Parks' hardhat.
He picks up the hardhat, thinking.

INT. THE DUMPTRUCK AHEAD

Two of Simon's men, NILS AND KLAUS, watch nervously through the side rear-view mirrors as --

A MAN APPROACHES.

Klaus pulls a handgun from his jacket.

NILS
No. Not yet.

IN THE SIDE REAR VIEW MIRROR - THE MAN draws closer and now he speaks:

MCCLANE
Hey there!

McClane appears in the window of the truck cab. (next to Nils) The tunnel is dark; McClane's face is obscured by the hardhat.

MCCLANE
Micky O'Brien, fellahs, Treasurer, Teamsters Union Local 317. I'm up for reelection and I thought I'd come down here to press the flesh!

Nils and Klaus say nothing.
A tense pause.
NILS looks closely at McClane, recognizing him as --

KLAUS brings up his handgun, leveling it at McClane.

MCCLANE reaches in the window, grabs Nils by the collar, YANKING his head and torso forward in the seat as --

KLAUS FIRES - the bullet hits NILS in the head and MCCLANE brings his handgun up, shooting KLAUS. Klaus falls forward against the dash, dead.

McClane opens the cab door. Nils' corpse falls on the pavement.

INT. DUMPTRUCK - MCCLANE

slides across the seat, opening the door, shoving Klaus's corpse to the pavement.

McClane keys the ignition, engages the gears, and starts up the tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. AQUADUCT TUNNEL - THREE MILES AHEAD

Simon's dumptrucks are rumbling across TWO STEEL RAMPS bridging A TRENCH CUT IN THE CONCRETE FLOOR; electrical cable is being layed across the aquaduct floor.

INT. SIMON'S TRUCK (THE LEAD TRUCK)

Targo is driving. The c.b. radio BEEPS.
Simon picks up the receiver.

SIMON
You can come along now, Nils.
(pause)
Nils.

MCCLANE (v.o.)
Nils is dead, fuckhead.

TARGO, alarmed, turns to SIMON.

CLOSE ON SIMON - his jaw twitchs. His eyes glint.

INTERCUT - MCCLANE AND SIMON

MCCLANE
So are three more of the Eurotrash All-Star team - Your boys at the bank nearly got me.

SIMON
(composing himself)
The truck you're driving contains thirteen billion dollars in gold bullion. Let's not be rash, John. Would a deal be out of the question?

MCCLANE
Sure. How 'bout you get out and bend over and I'll drive my truck up your asshole.

SIMON
Such a way with words.

MCCLANE
Yippie-kye-ay motherfucker.

McClane clicks off his c.b., ENDING INTERCUT.

INT. SIMON'S TRUCK

SIMON clicks off his c.b.
TARGO is glaring at him.

TARGO
Fool. I told you not to underestimate this man.

SIMON
Don't underestimate me, Mathias.

They drive on in silence, the tension palpable.

EXT. AQUADUCT TUNNEL

THE LAST OF SIMON'S TRUCKS rumbles across the steel ramps bridging the electrical conduit trench; this last truck shakes one of the ramps loose.

The ramp falls into the conduit trench.

CUT TO:

EXT. AQUADUCT TUNNEL - FURTHER NORTH

Here the aquaduct is sealed with a CONCRETE RETAINING WALL supported with STEEL GIRDERS. Beyond the retaining wall is a wall of water.

Simon's convoy pulls up in front of the retaining wall.

To the left is a CONSTRUCTION VEHICLE EXIT RAMP, leading up to ground level.

Simon and Targo get out of their truck.

TARGO
He'll be here in minutes. What are we going to do?

Simon thinks a moment. He looks at --

THE RETAINING WALL holding back the water from the rest of the aquaduct.

SIMON
Blow the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRONX - SAW MILL RIVER PARKWAY

Zeus's mercedes is driving up the Saw Mill Parkway He pulls off the road and looks at --

An ORANGE SHED HOUSE on the side of the parkway, built over the ventilation grates to protect the public. It is marked: DANGER: CONSTRUCTION BELOW.

Zeus pulls back on the parkway, following the aquaduct.

CUT TO:

INT. AQUADUCT TUNNEL - BY THE RETAINING WALL

The dump trucks are exiting the tunnel up the construction vehicle exit ramp.

MR. LUCK and TARGO finish rigging the retaining wall with a package of C-4. They get in the last remaining truck in the tunnel and pull up the exit ramp.

EXT. NORTHERN BRONX - AQUADUCT EXIT

Targo's dumptruck comes up a ramp to street level, joining the other dumptrucks.

Targo nods to Simon, who removes a transmittor detonator from his pocket; he presses the button and --

EXT. AQUADUCT - BY THE RETAINING WALL

-- the plastique EXPLODES, blowing the retaining wall, releasing the water into the rest of the aquaduct.

EXT. NORTHERN BRONX - AQUADUCT EXIT

Simon turns to Targo.

SIMON
I won't underestimate him this time, Mathias. Make sure he's dead.

Simon gets in his truck; the convoy of dumptrucks pulls out onto the Saw Mill, heading north.

Targo motions to Mr. Luck and ANOTHER MAN. They walk to the southbound lanes of the Saw Mill River Parkway.

Targo walks right into the middle of the Parkway. AN ONCOMING B.M.W. locks up it's brakes, fishtailing to a stop ten feet from Targo. The driver gets out.

B.M.W. DRIVER
Are you outta your fuckin...?

The B.M.W. Driver suddenly backs up, terrified. TARGO steps past him, a machinegun trained at his head.

Mr. Luck gets behind the wheel, the other man next to him. Targo gets in the back with the machinegun.

THE B.M.W. sprints off.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN - COLUMBUS CIRCLE

Truckdriver Jerry Parks stands in front of Arthur Cobb, who's talking excitedly on the phone.

COBB
That's right, Charlie. Taft Public, 135th and Columbus.
(clicks off the phone; says to Jerry Parks)
Thanks.
(screams to Lambert, Walsh and others)
Let's go, fellahs!
(punches numbers)
Janie, get me the Westchester State Police.

CUT TO:

EXT. AQUADUCT TUNNEL

McClane's truck is parked in front of the cable trench in the concrete floor.

McClane picks up the ramp that fell into the trench. He stops. He hears a WHOOSHING SOUND.

Perplexed, he looks around. He puts down the ramp and walks several paces ahead. The WHOOOSHING gets LOUDER.

AHEAD - THE TUNNEL bends around a curve.

McClane walks around the bend. He stops in his tracks. The OVERHEAD LIGHTS stretching down the tunnel begin to BLINK OUT.

CLOSE ON MCCLANE - his eyes widen at the sight of --

A 32 FOOT HIGH WALL OF WATER ROOOAAARRING through the tunnel, coming straight at him.

McClane turns and races back to his dumptruck.
The wall of water is gaining quickly.

He gets in the cab.

INT. MCCLANE'S DUMPTRUCK

McClane frantically engages the gears.
He performs the quickest five point turnaround in the history of driving.

He FLOORS the dumptruck, gunning it down the tunnel the other direction.

THE SPEEDOMETER reads: 20 m.p.h, 25, 30.
The truck can't outrace the water.

EXT. AQUADUCT

THE WALL OF WATER catches the dumptruck.
The force of the water is awesome.
It picks the truck up and carries it, in effect "surfing" the dump truck ahead of the WALL OF WATER.

INT. MCCLANE'S DUMPTRUCK

McClane looks around, frenzied.
He climbs out of the cab through the window.

EXT. MCCLANE'S DUMPTRUCK - ROOF AND SIDE

THE WALL OF WATER is behind the truck, pushing it through the tunnel, ROARING all around McClane.

McClane climbs onto the roof of the cab.
He turns and looks down the tunnel.

AHEAD - SUNLIGHT is emitting from one of the VENTILATION GRATES in the tunnel's ceiling.

As the dumptruck passes under the grate --

MCCLANE grabs the bars of the grate, releasing from the roof of the dumptruck. His shoulder dislocates.
McCLANE SCREAMS in agony. But holds on.

The WALL OF WATER ROARS past him, carrying the dumptruck down the tunnel.

McClane clings to the bars of the grate.
He fights the rushing water. Through sheer will, he moves hand over hand, bar by bar, to the VENTILATION GRATE'S LATCH. He unlatches it and crawls out.

EXT. NORTHERN BRONX - ABOVE THE TUNNEL

The force of the water sends a TEN FOOT geyser spouting up from the ventilation opening.

McClane crawls out next to one of the orange sheds marked DANGER, shuddering with pain, the water showering down on him. His shoulder hangs weakly at his side.

The GROUND around him is raked by AUTOMATIC FIRE.

McClane dives behind the orange shed; he is pinned down and can't move; he draws his gun and returns fire at --

-- TARGO AND MR. LUCK, in the ~~commandeered~~ B.M.W, on a bridge overpass a hundred yards away.

Suddenly the MERCEDES ROARS up next to MCCLANE, slinging gravel, lurching to a stop next to McClane.

The door is thrown open.

ZEUS
Get in!

McClane dives inside the car.
Zeus floors it. They roar off as automatic fire BLOWS out the back windshield.

EXT. THE BRIDGE OVERPASS - MR. LUCK AND TARGO

cursing, get in the B.M.W. It speeds down the entrance ramp to the Saw Mill Parkway.

INT. MERCEDES - TRAVELING UP SAWMILL

Zeus and McClane. McClane is wet, grimacing.

MCCLANE
How'd you find me?

ZEUS
Looked for signs of destruction.
You look like shit.
(hands McClane the book)
Here.

McClane stares at the book: "Simple Solutions to

Complex Problems," by Richard Richman.

MCCLANE
What the fuck does this mean?

ZEUS
Don't ask me.
(looks through windshield)
Ahh shit....

THEIR POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD - THE PARKWAY AHEAD

The B.M.W., heading south on the Saw Mill, veers across the median, heading straight for them! Guns BLAZE from the B.M.W., blowing in the Mercedes front windshield.

McClane and Zeus duck, come up spitting glass.

EXT. SAW MILL PARKWAY

The B.M.W. slides into traffic in a 180 degree turn, narrowly missing oncoming cars, and comes after the Mercedes. Targo, in the back seat, leans out the window, blasting away --

INT. MERCEDES

The back windshield blows out.
McClane leans out the window, returning fire.
A bullet clips McClane's shoulder.
McClane recoils inside the car, bleeding from the wound.
Zeus looks at McClane, scared shitless.

MCCLANE
We can't outrun 'em. Go in there!

Zeus throws the wheel.
The Mercedes flies off the Parkway into --

A MCDONALD'S drive-thru.

EXT. MCDONALD'S - PARKING LOT

The Mercedes blasts across the parking lot and enters the DRIVE-THRU LANE, disappearing around a corner.

The B.M.W., hot on it's tail, enters the drive-thru lane and also disappears.

IN THE DRIVE-THRU LANE - THE B.M.W. pulls around the corner and pulls up behind the Mercedes, parked by the FOOD ORDER WINDOW.

INT. B.M.W.

Targo, Mr. Luck and the other man snap new clips in

their weapons and unload a vicious, extended fusillade into the back of the Mercedes, riddling it, blowing out every piece of glass.

They stop firing.
A voice emanates above.

MCCLANE (v.o.)
Hey fellahs.

Targo, Mr. Luck and the other man turn, their eyes widening at --

MCCLANE, inside the food order window, leaning out, his gun leveled at Mr. Luck.

MCCLANE
Want some lead with your coffee?

MCCLANE'S GUN erupts. He shoots Mr. Luck and the other man, killing them instantly.

TARGO comes up firing, blowing out the glass of the food order window as --

MCCLANE dives to the floor. In the b.g., the MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEES scream in terror, hugging the floor.

TARGO climbs behind the wheel of the B.M.W., hops the curb and roars off as --

MCCLANE jumps through the food order window into the drive-thru lane, emptying his gun on the fleeing B.M.W.

McClane goes to the Mercedes and opens the door.
Zeus is on the floor of the passenger side, cringing.
McClane gets behind the wheel. Floors it.

EXT. SAW MILL PARKWAY

The two vehicles ROAR into the northbound lanes of the parkway. But now McClane is chasing Targo!

INT. MERCEDES

MCCLANE
I'm gonna kill you, you son-of-a....
(beat)
By the way, the twenty-seventh president? It's Taft.

ZEUS
(startled)
What?

MCCLANE
The bomb's in Taft Grade School.
You know it?

ZEUS
Yeah I know it.
(McClane looks at him)
It's my sons' school, McClane.

McClane and Zeus stare at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAW MILL PARKWAY - TOLL BOOTH

The B.M.W. moves through the toll booth.
Instead of throwing change in the COIN CATCHER, Targo throws a LOAD OF PLASTIQUE EXPLOSIVE and roars through the toll booth.

INT. MERCEDES

McClane and Zeus are approaching the toll booth.
McClane's staring through the windshield.

MCLANE'S POV - THE TOLL BOOTH - He sees Targo tossing the plastique in the coin catcher.

BACK TO SCENE

MCCLANE
You see that? He just rigged the toll with C-4.
(beat)
You ever jump out of a moving vehicle?

McClane grabs the LIBRARY BOOK and the SAMSONITE BRIEFCASE.

ZEUS
No, but I have a feeling...

CUT TO:

INT. B.M.W. - TRAVELLING

Targo watches THE MERCEDES approaching the toll booth.
He presses a DETONATOR in his hand.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOLL BOOTH

blows sky high and --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PAVEMENT IN FRONT OF THE TOLL BOOTH

McClane and Zeus roll away from the toll booth on the pavement, covering up as --

PIECES OF THE MERCEDES AND TOLL BOOTH rain down around them, clattering on the pavement.

CUT TO:

INT. B.M.W. - TRAVELLING

Targo looks at the burning car and toll booth in his rear-view mirror. He smiles for the first time.

CUT TO:

WHEELS SQUEALING AWAY from the toll booth and widen to -

EXT. SAW MILL RIVER PARKWAY - TOLLBOOTH

A lady stands on the side of the road, watching her STATION WAGON ROAR up the parkway.

INT. STATION WAGON

McClane and Zeus in the station wagon, Zeus driving. McClane's near the end of his strength: his right shoulder's been dislocated; his left shoulder's gunshot; his face is cut and bruised.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - IN THE ROAD AHEAD - We see Targo's B.M.W.

MCCLANE
No way he thinks we survived that. He'll lead us right to Simon.

ZEUS
FUCK SIMON.
(he brakes, begins to pull over)
I'm going back.

McClane reaches his leg over, stomps on the accelerator.

ZEUS
MY SONS ARE IN THAT SCHOOL MCCLANE.

The car is swerving all over the highway.

MCCLANE
(fast and urgent)
Listen to me: the bomb's gonna blow in fifteen minutes - we're a half

MCCLANE (cont'd)
hour out of town and the bridges are closed. We've gotta get the disarming code.

ZEUS
HE GAVE US THE DISARMING CODE.

MCCLANE
(holds up the book)
He gave us shit.
(glares at Zeus)
Zeus, we've gotta make Simon tell us what this things - He's gotta give us the code - it's our only chance.

The two men stare at each other.
Zeus takes a deep breath.
He floors the accelerator.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAFT GRADE SCHOOL - HARLEM

SIRENS WAIL.
Police cruisers and firetrucks turn the corner.
They barrel up, stopping in front of the school.

The area is barricaded off.
Cobb, Lambert and Walsh stand outside the school.
Charlie Weiss of the bomb squad approaches Cobb.

WEISS
We already checked this one, Arthur.
Are you sure?

COBB
Yeah.

WEISS
I've got fifty guys in there. If it's here we'll find it.

Everyone turns and looks at the school and --

CUT TO:

INT. PORT CHESTER NEW YORK - INDUSTRIAL WHARF

A bleak wharf servicing a SCRAP METAL facility.
A hulking, rusted, 400 foot CARGO SHIP sits at the dock.

SIMON stands watching as --

THE DUMPTRUCKS are pushed one by one into the teeth of a METAL SCRAPPER, the largest made. (the first truck,

driverless, is pushed by the second in line, the second by the third, etc.)

The TEETH of the scrapper shows the truck's cab, bed, engine and the gold bullion within the bed, spitting it out in shredded bits into the hold of the cargo ship.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT CHESTER - A KNOLL ABOVE THE WHARF

McClane and Zeus are on a knoll, looking down through trees at THE WHARF, a quarter mile below. In the b.g. the station wagon's parked on the side of the Saw Mill.

THEIR POV - BELOW, IN THE WHARF'S PARKING LOT - THE B.M.W. pulls in. TARGO gets out and walks through the parking lot toward the cargo ship.

BACK TO SCENE

McClane pulls out his handgun and inserts a new clip. He pulls up his pantlegs, exposing an ANKLE HOLSTER. He unstraps the HOLSTER and hands it to Zeus.

MCCLANE
Here.

ZEUS
Look, McClane...I...shit, I don't know if I'm up to this.

MCCLANE
(stares him in the eye)
Yes you are.

Zeus reluctantly take the ankle holster.

McClane picks up the samsonite briefcase they've been carrying since Washington Square Park and trudges down to the wharf. Zeus follows McClane and we --

CUT TO:

INT. TAFT GRADE SCHOOL - BASEMENT - KITCHEN

Cobb, Charlie Weiss, and Joe Lambert are staring nervously inside the schools HUGE WALK IN REFRIGERATOR -

2800 pounds of PLASTIQUE EXPLOSIVE, in a crate marked GRADE AAA MILK, sits amidst other food products.

INSERT - THE BOMB'S DETONATION SYSTEM - A DIGITAL TIMER is ticking down, 15:23, 15:22, 15:21..... Next to the timer is a SMALL COMPUTER KEYBOARD and SCREEN. The SCREEN READS:

DISARMING CODE: _ _ _ _ _

BACK TO SCENE

WALSH
The principal says it was delivered this morning.

COBB
Can you do anything, Charlie?

WEISS
In ten minutes? Too sophisticated. I could try, but there's a fifty percent chance I'd detonate it. Arthur, there is another solution.

COBB
What?

WEISS
Evacuation.

COBB
Simon said if he sees one kid leaving he'll blow it manually.

LAMBERT
How do we know he's still watching?

COBB
How do you know he's not?
(they stare at each other. Cobb sighs)
Prepare an evacuation. If McClane doesn't call with the code in ten minutes, we evacuate the school.

Everyone stares grimly at the bomb.

CUT TO:

INT. TAFT GRADE SCHOOL - UPSTAIRS - AUDITORIUM

The kids are grouped in the auditorium.
A TEACHER is leading them in song.
They are singing "Row, row, row your boat."

IN THE BACK ROW - Zeus Carver's sons, DEXTER and RAYMOND, are seated with THREE FRIENDS, watching --

OUTSIDE THE AUDITORIUM - COPS, FIREMEN, and BOMB SQUAD personnel come and go.

DEXTER whispers to RAYMOND:

DEXTER
What's goin' on?

FRIEND 1
Some kinda serious shit.

RAYMOND
Well I ain't stayin' here.

Dexter, Raymond, and THREE OTHER KIDS sneak off through the aisle and head toward the back of the auditorium.

CUT TO:

INT. WHARF - DAY

The FIFTH dumptruck in line is being chewed up by the metal scrapper. Simon's men are busy operating the scrapper, pushing the trucks into the scrapper, etc.

Simon stands on the wharf, watching.

A GOLD BAR lands, THUD at his feet.

Simon looks at the gold bar.
His jaw muscles tighten. He slowly turns, facing --

JOHN MCCLANE who walks quickly up to Simon, his gun trained on Simon's head.

SIMON
Mathias...

BY THE TRUCKS AND SCRAPPER - TARGO and the OTHER MEN look over, their faces twisting in shock. They go for their guns but --

MCCLANE puts his gun to Simon's head.

MCCLANE
Don't do that.

Targo and the other men freeze.
Simon is characteristically ice cold.

SIMON
Hello, John. Where is your friend?

MCCLANE
He's dead. Tell me the disarming code.

SIMON
I can't do that John.

MCCLANE
(looks at his watch)
I don't care about the gold. Tell me the fucking disarming code.

SIMON
That wasn't the deal.

McClane cocks the gun.

MCCLANE
I'll count to three and then I'll blow your fucking head all over this wharf. One...
(Simon smiles)
Two...

SIMON
(smiles broader)
I gave you the disarming code.

MCCLANE
Bullshit. TELL ME THE FUCKING CODE, SIMON.

SIMON
I believe the next number is a three....

Simon, to McClane's surprise, isn't going to do it. McClane's hand shakes with rage.

The tension is unbearable.

MCCLANE
Goddamn you....

ZEUS (O.S.)
STOP!

Everyone whirls around as --

ZEUS comes from behind the last dumptruck, hands raised.

ZEUS
Kill me instead. Just give us code.

McClane's heart sinks.
TARGO moves to Zeus, collaring him from behind.
McClane shouts at Zeus.

MCLANE
You fuckin' <u>idiot</u>....

ZEUS
He wasn't going to tell you, McClane.

ZEUS (cont'd)
(to Simon)
I got the book.
(flips the pages)
Where is it?

SIMON
I am touched. You care a great deal about your children.
(beat)
If I give you the code, how will you communicate it to the school? Ahh, I know. One of the truck radios. Mathias, we'll need the police band.

Simon and Targo exchange a look.
Targo reaches inside the third truck.
(there are now only four trucks remaining)

Targo adjusts the band on the c.b.
Zeus and McClane look on in horror as Targo clicks on the radio, pending a signal....

ZEUS
NO!!!!

Zeus grabs for the radio but --
Targo pistol whips him to the ground.

TARGO
Chief of Police Cobb, please. This is John McClane....

McClane turns to Simon, confused.

MCCLANE
You said the police band would detonate the bomb.

SIMON
I lied.

MCCLANE
You son-of-a...

McClane shoves Simon roughly over to the truck.
Targo, holding Zeus at gunpoint, backs away.
McClane takes the radio.

CUT TO:

INT. TAFT PUBLIC SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM

All of the kids are lined up by the auditorium exit.
A TEACHER is going down the line, taking a head count.

COBB and his men are outside in the hallway, watching.

A PATROLMAN comes up to Cobb with a portable c.b. radio.

PATROLMAN
Chief, I've got a call for you.

Everyone stares at the c.b., shocked.

WALSH
Christ, what are you doing....?

PATROLMAN
It's Detective McClane.

Cobb takes the receiver.

COBB
John? What the hell is going on?

INTERCUT - COBB IN SCHOOL/MCCLANE AT WRAP

MCCLANE
Shut up and listen.
(to Simon)
What is it?

Simon just stares back.

ZEUS
Simon. My sons are in that school.

SIMON
You shouldn't have meddled.

MCCLANE
TELL ME THE FUCKING CODE, SIMON.

SIMON
You have it. I gave you the book.

McClane looks at the book in Zeus' hands.

MCCLANE
THE BOOK DOESN'T MEAN SHIT.

SIMON
Oh yes it does.

INT. SCHOOL - BY THE AUDITORIUM

Cobb, hearing the above on the phone, panics.

COBB
Fuck 'im, John, we're gonna evacuate.

The TEACHER comes up to COBB.

missing.

INT. SCHOOL - STAIRWELL

DEXTER, RAYMOND, and the THREE OTHER KIDS come down tl stairs. They sit down.

DEXTER
Let's wait it out here.

INT. SCHOOL - BY THE AUDITORIUM

COBB gulps and says into the phone:

COBB
John, Zeus's kids took off.

EXT. WHARF

Zeus hears this over the c.b. receiver.

ZEUS
Oh christ, Dexter.....

INT. SCHOOL - BY THE AUDITORIUM

WEISS turns to Cobb.

WEISS
Arthur, I'm gonna go for it.

Weiss runs off to the basement.

EXT. WHARF

Zeus looks at his watch: 2:57. Three minutes to go.

ZEUS
Oh God...
(his voice cracks)
Please. Simon, please.

Simon just stares at him.

MCCLANE
You can't do this. You can't just let them die.

INT. SCHOOL - BY THE AUDITORIUM

COBB looks at the kids. He turns to WALSH and LAMBERT.

COBB
Get 'em out of here.

Walsh and Lambert go to the line of KIDS. They are

nervous. Some are crying. They don't know what's happening, they just know it's bad.

WALSH
Just like a fire drill, only a little faster, Okay? When I say go, run straight down the corridor and outside. Go.

THE KIDS runs out of the auditorium.

COBB
(into phone)
John, we're getting the hell out of here.

EXT. WHARF

Zeus, hearing this, yells into the receivor. The tension is now at a white hot pitch.

ZEUS
Don't! Find my sons!

INT. SCHOOL - BASEMENT

WEISS settles down next to the bomb. He pulls a WIRE CUTTER from his pocket.

WEISS
Okay, Charlie, you only go around once in life....

He begins to select a wire.
Sweat is streaming down his face, falling in A PUDDLE at his feet.

THE TIMER READS: 2:59:48, 2:59:49, 2:59:50....There are ten seconds left.

Weiss bends to get a closer look....

EXT. WHARF

Zeus is looking at his watch, screaming....

ZEUS
Don't do this to me....

EXT. SCHOOL - FRONT COURTYARD

The evacuating KIDS are running out of the school.

INT. SCHOOL - STAIRWELL

Dexter, Raymond, and the other three kids are oblivious, playing cards.

INT. SCHOOL - BASEMENT

Weiss is going to snip the wire but HIS SHOE slips on the puddle of sweat --

He LURCHES forward, losing his balance, and STABS the HUGE PACK OF PLASTIQUE beneath the timer --

Weiss dives away.
Nothing happens. Weiss slowly looks up at --

THE PACKAGE OF PLASTIQUE - A STREAM OF SAND pours out of the hole onto the floor.

WEISS
Well whatdayuh know.....

WEISS gets up and runs out of the basement.

EXT. WHARF

Zeus is now hysterical, *disconsolate....*
McClane is staring malevolently at Simon.

MCCLANE
You sick fucking piece of....

Then, over the n.b. receiver:

COBB (v.o.)
John, it's a fake.

McClane freezes. Zeus freezes.

MCCLANE
What?

COBB (v.o.
It's not a bomb. It's fucking sand.

And suddenly Targo and Simon's men are approaching McClane, surrounding him, their guns drawn.

McClane still has his gun to Simon's head.
Simon looks innocently at McClane.

SIMON
Do you think I'm a monster?

And Simon laughs. Hideously.
And Targo laughs. And the other men.
They stand there laughing in McClane's face.

SIMON
You might be wondering where the real bomb is.

Simon points to --

THE CARGO SHIP - A HUGE CRATE sits there, on which is printed:

JOHNSON AND EDWARDS CO.
C-4 HIGH DENSITY PLASTIQUE

McClane's and Zeus's eyes widen.

SIMON
Put the gun down, John.
(McClane doesn't move)
Put it down and Zeus goes free. I have no interest in him. Only you.

Zeus and McClane lock eyes.
McClane slowly lowers the gun; tosses it on the ground.
SIMON picks up McClane's gun. Turns to Targo.

SIMON
Take him out and let him go.

Targo shoves Zeus forward.

SIMON
Wait.
(Targo and Zeus stop)
The book. Give it to him.

Zeus hands McClane the book.
They look at each other again.
Targo shoves Zeus; they move off across the wharf.

SIMON
John, your handcuffs, please.

McClane reaches under his coat to his HANDCUFF CLIP. He removes the handcuffs.

Simon motions McClane toward the cargo ship with the gun. They move up the gangplank.

MCCLANE
All day I been asking: how do you get a hundred thousand tons of gold out of the United States undetected? It was so obvious.

They move over to the crate of C-4.

SIMON
Correct. You don't. Clip one to your wrist, please.

MCCLANE locks one of the cuffs to his wrist.
He looks down at --

THE LINE OF TRUCKS moving into the scrapper. The second

to last truck is almost entirely chewed, and the first truck is moving toward the scrapper.

SIMON
The other to that pole.

McClane locks the other handcuff to the STEEL RAILING of the gunwale, right next to the bomb.

MCCLANE
So you take out as much as you can carry and send the rest to the bottom of the Atlantic.

SIMON
Increasing the value of what we take ten-fold, and throwing every western market into chaos.
(smiles)
I am a terrorist, after all. Give me the key please.

McClane tosses Simon the handcuff key.
Simon pockets the key.
Then he moves to the crate of C-4, where we see --

INSERT - A DIGITALLY TIMED DETONATOR identical to that on the fake bomb in the school.

BACK TO SCENE - SIMON

speaks to McClane while he adjusts the detonator.

SIMON
I admit you surprised me. You are still an arrogant, unpleasant man. You assumed the book was worthless. That is because you were too stupid to figure it out. It contains the disarming code. The same code you'll need.
(beat)
We have one more game to play. The ship leave under automatic pilot. Once at sea I will give you...let me test this first...

INSERT - SIMON'S HAND clicks the timer to 5:00. It begins counting down: 4:59, 4:58, 4:57....

CUT TO:

EXT. WHARF - PARKING LOT

Targo leads Zeus through the parking lot.
Targo stops.

SIMON
STOP....!

And the detonator continues to count down: 4:01, 4:00, 3:59....

CUT TO:

EXT. WHARF

Zeus is kneeling before Targo.

ZEUS
(trembling)
Simon said to let me go.

Zeus'S HAND inches toward his ankle. he pulls his pantleg up, exposing McClane's ankle holster....

TARGO
He lied. He always does.

Targo raises his gun to the back of Zeus' head.
Zeus trembles.

EXT. WHARF

THE DUMPTRUCK (and samsonite briefcase) pulls into the teeth of the metal scrapper and BLOWS sky high, devastating the scrapper and truck, and killing all of Simon's men as --

EXT. CARGO SHIP - DOCK

Simon is knocked to the ground by the force of explosion, his gun scuttling to the dock floor.

McClane reaches for the gun, his hand locked to the railing. It's inches away. McClane strnaains with all his might. He can't reach it!

EXT. WHARF - PARKING LOT

Targo whirls around, surprised by the explosion.

ZEUS'S HAND flashes up with the ankle-holstered gun.
He shoots Targo in the forehead.
Targo falls to the ground, dead.
Zeus rises, looks at Targo's corpse and shudders.

Zeus runs back to the wharf.

EXT. CARGO SHIP

Simon gets to his feet and scrambles for the gun.
McClane, locked to the gunwale, trips him.

Simon gets back up.

McClane, with one shoulder dislocated and another gunshot, with one hand locked to the railing, fights a one-armed fistfight with Simon.

Simon beats the living shit out of McClane, who tries gamely to fight back. Lefts. Rights. McClane's blood sprays the deck.

Simon goes for the gun. Grabs it.

With his last energy, McClane leans back against the gunwale and lifts his legs, corralling Simon by the neck. He squeezes. Simon twists in McClane's grip. He chokes. His neck bulges.

McClane twists his legs violently.
Simon's neck snaps.

SIMON freezes.
Blood trickles from his mouth.
He looks at McClane and dies.

Simon falls backward over the gunwale into the sea.

ZEUS comes running up the gangplank.
He runs up to McClane.

MCCLANE
The timer.

Zeus looks at the timer.

THE TIMER ON THE PLASTIQUE is counting down: 1:00, 00:59, 00:58.....

MCCLANE
Get outta here.

ZEUS
Shut up, McClane.

Zeus grabs the LIBRARY BOOK (it's been sitting there the whole time)

ZEUS
We're gonna figure this out.

Sweat is streaming McClane's face.
They are trying to remain calm.
They are failing.
McClane is facing death and Zeus knows it.
Zeus's frantically flipping through the book.

MCCLANE
By the way, in the park, I'm sorry I said that.

ZEUS
Shiiit. All you said was you were going to kick my ass back to Harlem.
(laughs)
Like you ever could.
(beat)
I've heard a lot worse.

THE TIMER: 00:31, 00:30, 00:29.....

MCCLANE
You ever gonna tell me why you don't like white people?

ZEUS
No.
(beat)
But as white people go, you're all right, McClane.

They look at each other.
Zeus tosses the book down.

ZEUS
There's nothing in this fucking thing.

MCCLANE
(sweating bullets now)
GET OUT OF HERE, ZEUS.

MCLANE looks at the BINDING OF THE BOOK. He sees the card catalogue number on the binding.

MCCLANE
(under his breath as it dawns on him)
Simple Solutions To Complex Problems. It's the card catalogue number.

Zeus grabs the book.

ZEUS
Holy shit.

THE TIMER - 00:5, 00:4, 00:3....

Zeus gets up. Holding the book, he punches in:

H X U 4 9

The timer stops.
McClane and Zeus collapse against the crate of C-4.

In the background, POLICE SIRENS WAIL and we --

CRANE UP AND AWAY from Zeus and McClane, and suddenl they are LAUGHING softly, both exhausted.

MCCLANE
You mean what you said?

ZEUS
What?

MCCLANE
As white people go, I'm all right.

ZEUS
Did I say that?

MCCLANE
Fuck yeah. I've had a shitty year, I could use a new friend....

ZEUS
Ahh christ what have I done now...

MCCLANE
You want to get a beer?

ZEUS
What the fuck, McClane, I'll get a beer with you.

STATE POLICE VEHICLES roar into the foundry. Continue to CRANE UP.....

THE END